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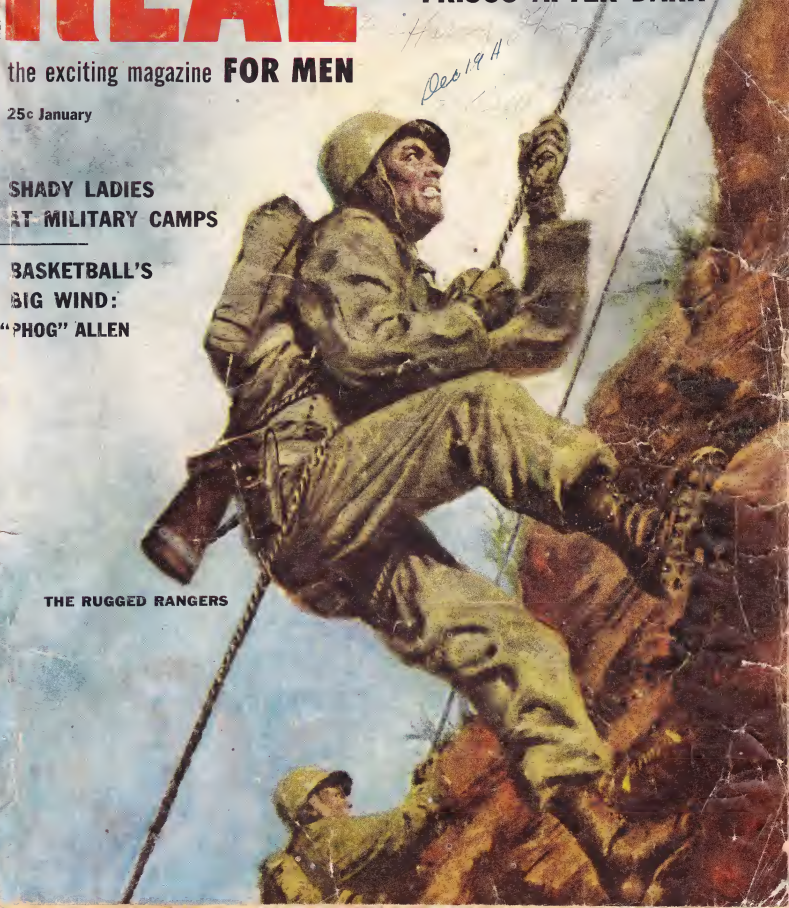
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the exciting magazine **FOR MEN**

Vol. 1, No. 4, JANUARY, 1953

EDITOR... THEODORE IRWIN

Art Director... EDWARD ROPHEART

Managing Editor... CUFF TAYLOR

Art Associate... GEORGE FRIED

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Cover Painting by Ray Johnson

Business Manager, HARRY SLATER Advertising Director, D. P. RIKER Production Manager, SAYRE ROSS
Sales Manager, OLIVER C. KLEIN Newsstand Sales Manager, FRANK P. LUALDI

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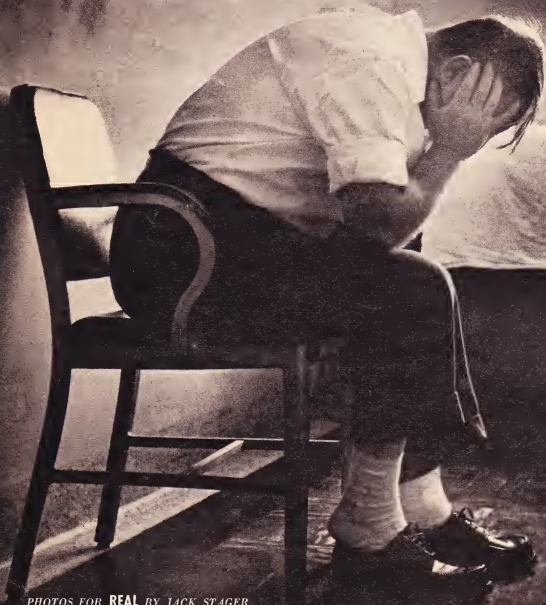
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INSIDE A VA MENTAL HOSPITAL:



PHOTOS FOR **REAL** BY JACK STAGER

VETERANS in the SHADOW

What's happening behind locked doors to the men with war-torn minds in our never-ending battle to restore their mental health

by CARL H. WINSTON

I HAVE JUST spent two long days in the country's newest and most modern large hospital for mentally sick veterans. The sights I saw and the sounds I heard are things I will never forget.

I have had a quiet chat with a former soldier, an epileptic whose case history is dotted with explosions of fury during which he slugged aides and doctors; it was his boast on entering this hospital that he would break a lot of jaws and noses before he left. Our talk was a bit haphazard until we got around to baseball, but on this question my husky friend spoke far more lucidly than most radio commentators.

I have been in a room with a dozen men classified as "homicidal" and heard them rant wildly and obscenely about matters which must surely remain an eternal secret between them and their Maker.

I have talked with a former tank driver who is convinced he is General Patton; with another who insists he is atomic and will permit nobody to touch him; with a third who earnestly begged me not to lunch in the cafeteria because "all the food is poisoned." Outside one of the buildings I watched an elderly man who had strangled his wife years before. He was trimming flowers with a sure and loving hand.

I passed the time of day with a former Air Force corporal weighing scarcely 135 pounds who had burst into such a rage of violence on arriving at the institution that it took three large men to subdue him. Later he explained his murderous onslaught on the attendants by saying: "A yellow man inside my head told me to do it." The yellow man was still in his head when I vis-



FIRST DAY is a terrifying experience to the patient; a friendly welcome helps.

ited him, but happily he advocated no violence on my person. "He hasn't bothered me much lately," the corporal remarked.

I stood in a long narrow corridor leading to one of the restaurants at lunch time—an island of normalcy, I hoped, in a sea of disordered minds—as hundreds of patients filed past. Some shuffled by, heads lowered and lips working convulsively, for one of the common symptoms of mental illness is a constant flow of conversation. Others strode by proudly, disdainfully, with heads held high and a staring, distant look in placid eyes. Some stopped and gaped at me, murmuring good English words in strange sequences that made them alien to all that we call sense.

Like a Furtive Animal

One of the men, a small, slight Negro, paid no attention to me until he was about six feet away. At that point he suddenly darted toward me, reached out a nervous hand, then tapped me sharply on the shoulder. Mission accomplished, he scurried away like a furtive animal. A psychiatrist explained that the man suffered a feeling of weakness and insufficiency; subconsciously he felt that by touching others he might partake of their strength.

In the time I spent at the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Veterans Administration Hospital at Montrose, N. Y., I saw examples of almost every type of mental disorder, ranging from potential murderers and suicides to the so-called "vegetables," or senile men who are incapable of performing the simplest personal functions for themselves, and who simply wait out the wasted balance of their lives.

I saw how all these men live; I saw how they were treated; I saw that efforts were made to restore them to normal life as whole persons. I saw what was being done to make livable the lives of those for whom science, at least in its present stage of development, can hold out no



PSYCHOLOGIST attempts to evaluate patient's ability for abstract and concrete thought with Lowenfeld mosaic test.



EMOTIONAL RELEASE is found by expressing self in varying art forms; this patient models clay in art therapy class.

hope of help. A great battle is being waged for their minds.

It is my deep conviction that nowhere in the world and at no time in history have the mentally ill in state institutions had the benefit of such scientific care or been treated with such compassion and understanding as are the men and women who are confined in our Veterans Administration hospitals.

In conformity with modern psychiatric belief, most ancient concepts and terminology on "insanity" have been tossed into the discard at Montrose. In fact, at no VA hospital will one encounter such terms as "psychos," "insane," "lunatic," "maniac," "asylum," "crazy," or even "inmate." The unfortunates confined here are "patients" or "guests." They may be "mildly disturbed," "sick," or "very sick." They suffer from "depression," "hallucinations," "split personality," "anxiety" or a "persecution complex" or "inadequate personality."

There are no "keepers," "guards," or "wardens." Patients are under the care of nurses and "psychiatric aides," the latter referring to men who have undergone intensive training for their work. Needless to say, the aides are unarmed at all times. They are forbidden ever to lay more than a restraining hand on their charges. The old-fashioned strait-jacket is all but unknown in Montrose. The hospital is equipped with a few, now called "camisoles," but they may not be used except in dire emergencies and even then, a full report must be sent to the highest official of the hospital. Since the hospital opened in 1950, camisoles have been employed less than a dozen times.

Psychiatric aides are carefully screened for their jobs by local police and the FBI. In contrast to the once prevalent practice of hiring such help without checking their records, and paying starvation wages, these workers receive a starting salary of \$2700 a year. Their job is a Civil Service one. At present there are 304 aides

at Montrose; at least 350 are needed, according to Dr. Richard L. Harris, Manager.

Man's dignity is vitally important to him—even in a mental hospital. For that reason, patients at Montrose are usually called "Mr." by nurses, aides and doctors. Says Dr. Arnold A. Schillinger, Chief of Professional Services: "Patients must be made to understand they are hospitalized only because they are sick. Never must we permit them to feel they are miscreants or 'criminals.'"

There is no punishment, as such. Let's see what happened to a fellow who behaved in a way that might have caused him a hard time in a less enlightened institution.

Pete—we'll call him that—has received a radio from a friend and became tremendously attached to it, listened to it by the hour. After a while, though, Pete got to acting a little obstreperous. He didn't want to leave the radio long enough to take his exercise in the gym; he kicked up a fuss at lunchtime, breaking several dishes. Then he went so far as to take a poke at a fellow patient for no apparent reason.

An aide took Pete aside for a quiet talk. "Look, Pete," he said. "You seem to be getting sick again. Now, if you get any sicker, we'll have to take your radio away, because you'll be too ill to enjoy it. You wouldn't want us to do that, would you? Would you want to miss the best shows?"

What Causes Crackup?

Pete certainly wouldn't. He became as tractable as a lamb within hours, and when I saw him, a month later, Pete was wrapped up in a soap opera as completely as any housewife.

I know the questions bothering many GIs and ex-GIs are: What caused these fellows to crack up? Did most of them break while in the service, or after discharge? Were actual battle conditions responsible for many cases? How many broke on seeing their buddies killed? How



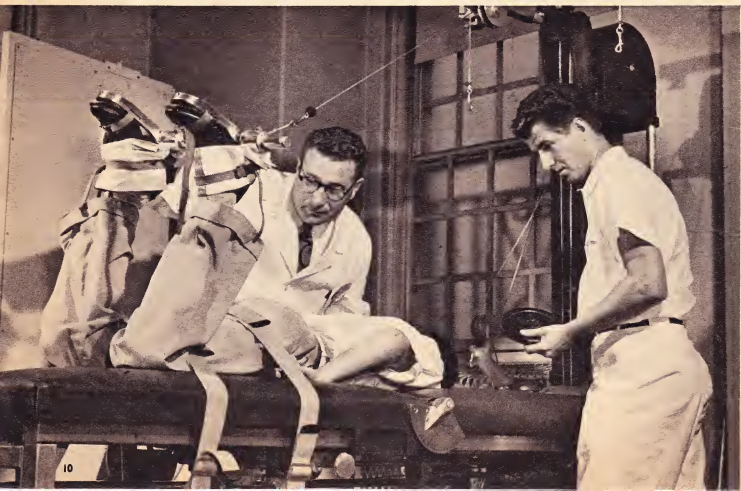
ELECTRODES applied to specific positions on patient's head help doctors to determine evidence of any brain injury.



NEEDLE SHOWER is given patient by a physical therapist; warm water will act as a sedative, cool water as a stimulant.



▲ HOSPITAL'S MODERN SWIMMING POOL ENABLES PATIENTS TO RELEASE PENT-UP EMOTIONS IN SPORTS LIKE THIS
EXERCISE TABLE HELPS TO OVERCOME EXTREME PHYSICAL INACTIVITY SOMETIMES ACCOMPANYING MENTAL ILLNESS ▼



VETERANS IN THE SHADOW CONTINUED

many on getting some piece of bad news from home?

While exact statistics on such factors are not obtainable on men at Montrose, there are very interesting figures at hand from another source. Col. Eugene R. Inwood and Capt. Lionel A. Schwartz, reporting in the Armed Forces Journal on "Psychiatric Cases Evacuated from Korea," point out that of a group of cases who broke down on that battleground, about a third did so immediately after seeing a buddy killed or wounded.

Other factors, numbered in the order of their frequency, were: a shell landing nearby; being wounded; being a member of a unit that suffered heavy losses; spending many hours without sleep; being forced to abandon a pal; returning to Korea after hospitalization in Japan; presence in Korea; sending men out on dangerous missions; receiving a "Dear John letter" (one in which a GI is told his wife or sweetheart has found another man); and first time under fire. The result—unbearable strain.

Mental Cases Down 75 Per Cent

On the other hand, it is pointed out by Dr. Frank Ruotolo, a VA psychiatrist at Montrose who recently returned from Korea, that psychic casualties in that war-ground are down 75 per cent from World War II. The reason, he explains, is that both officers and men are now trained to recognize "combat fatigue" (formerly called "shell shock") when they see it. As a result, men who seem to be near the breaking point are quickly evacuated to positions behind the lines.

Other points of interest made in the Korean psychiatric study were these: ranks of victims ranged from private to colonel; the average age was 25.2 years; the oldest patient 48, the youngest, 18. Sixty-eight per cent of the victims were in the infantry; seven per cent were in the medical service; and the balance were distributed through the other branches. Slightly over ten per cent were neither in combat nor in front-line areas.

A strange psychiatric by-product of war is found in a report from the VA Mental Hygiene Clinic at Hartford, Conn., where in seven cases of one hundred, men who had undergone hardships of war in Korea without any signs of neuroses broke down after their return home.

"Nostopathy," as the new ailment is known, is nothing more than homesickness in reverse. Some of the victims were stricken when they received orders to go home; others when their ship sailed into stateside harbor. According to Dr. Richard Karpe and Dr. Isidore Schnap, who reported the findings in the American Journal of Psychiatry, often—but by no means always—the cause is the unhappy home life of the victims.

At Montrose and other VA hospitals no great emphasis is placed on the causes that precipitate mental breakdown. These so-called "breaking points," says Dr. Schillinger, are comparatively unimportant. They are not the focal point for the attack on mental illness.

"You see," he says, "psychiatrists now know that every mental illness has its birth early in a person's life. Some fault develops for any of a thousand reasons—it may be a resentment against one member (Continued on page 82)

BIDDING FAREWELL to nurse, a grateful patient leaves the VA hospital at Montrose with his mental health restored.



Blood on the Ice

Flashing blades, smashing sticks and a puck traveling 80 miles an hour can make a goalie's life the toughest rap in sports. The author should know—he tends net for the Montreal Canadiens

by Gerry McNeil *as told to Vince Lunny*



GERRY MCNEIL

AS A GOALIE for the Montreal Canadiens, a National Hockey League team, I think I've got about the toughest job in sports. But don't pity me—I wouldn't trade my job for any other.

Nerves are bound to get a little frayed when you're in front of a flying puck traveling netward at 80 miles an hour. Electronic devices have timed

hockey shots at that speed, and sometimes I think a puck travels even faster.

There is a certain satisfaction in being a 60-minute man in every game unless you happen to stop a hard-driven puck with your face. Even then, a goalie seldom gets more than ten minutes to recover. He is stitched in the arena's clinic and sent back on the ice with a shot of novocaine and an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

Against the Canadiens in last spring's Stanley Cup playoffs, Sugar Jim Henry, my rival in the Boston Bruins' cage, suffered a broken nose from a rising shot off the stick of our Doug Harvey. After brief medical treatment, he came back and finished the game. He played in the remaining games of the series with swollen eyes and a nose that looked like a battered door knob.

Goalies must have sharp eyes and most of us guard them carefully. Detroit's Terry Sawchuk, for example, even avoids movie and television screens during the hockey season. Terry nearly lost the sight of his right eye when he was clipped by a high stick in Omaha four years ago. He had three stitches taken in the eyeball and that probably makes him more conscious of his eyesight than the rest of us.

A goalie must have great powers of concentration, fast reflexes and deep-freeze nerves. If a wing or defenseman makes a mistake, someone is there to back him up. Nothing backs up the goalie but the net.

Gordie Howe, Detroit's ace sharpshooter and the hardest

man in the league to out-guess, can swoop in from right wing and blast a shot. You get your stick on it and whip it aside, but Ted Lindsay or Glen Skov, his line mates, are there to pounce on the rebound and flick the puck back at the net.

A defenseman can miss a body check against a player like Toronto's Sid Smith, for the goalie is still there as a last bulwark. But let the goalie, covering 24 square feet of net, make just one mistake, and the other team will score.

Goalies are subjected to their toughest bombardments when their team is short-handed owing to penalties. Hockey provides for two- and five-minute banishments for such tactics as tripping, interference with a man not in possession of the puck, crashing into the boards and carrying a stick dangerously high. Five-minute penalties are generally given only for fighting. It is tough to stay in the net and face a barrage of shots from a team holding an advantage in manpower, fighting to get one past you.

More Action than a Quarterback

A hockey goalie sees more action than a football quarterback and shoulders more responsibility than a baseball pitcher. A goaltender is expected to be on the ice every minute of every game regardless of the blood he may be shedding. It is my job with the Canadiens to catch the puck in my glove, block it with my stick or smother it with my body in wild melees around the net.

Milling players obscure my vision and sticks deflect the puck unpredictably, but if the disk ends up in the twine, who else is going to take the blame?

It is amazing that major league goalies are caught off guard an average of only three times a game. We have our bad days, of course, but unlike the pitcher who can't get the ball over the plate and is sent to enjoy a pleasant shower, we have to stay in and take our punishment.

I remember the time when Billy Beveridge was goalie for Ottawa when that city had a team in the National Hockey League. One night the New York Rangers plastered Billy's team to the tune of 9-0, and Billy got

WITH THE PUCK INCHES FROM HIS NOSE, GERRY MCNEIL GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS IN GAME AGAINST THE NEW YORK RANGERS





GERRY McNEIL GETS SET TO BLOCK A BACKHAND SHOT AT THE NET BY GORDIE HOWE, TOP SCORER OF THE DETROIT RED WINGS

CANADIENS' FABULOUS MAURICE ("THE ROCKET") RICHARD DRIVES PUCK PAST JIM HENRY, GUARDIAN OF BOSTON BRUIN NET.





TERRY SAWCHUK, DETROIT'S GOALIE, DIVES HEADLONG ON ICE TO PROTECT NET FROM A SHOT BY CANADIENS' ELMER LACH.

mad. As he left the ice at the end of the game, Billy shouted at the Ranger bench, "You're a bunch of miserable so-and-sos! I hope to live to see the day when the Rangers have ten goals scored against them!"

Beveridge *did* see it happen. In fact, he had an excellent view of the proceedings as the Chicago Black Hawks battered the Rangers, 10-1. But did he gloat over the realization of his wish? He did not. He had been traded to the Rangers and was *their* goalie the night it happened!

Goalies can take a lot of physical strain. Chuck Rayner, who guards the nets for the Rangers now, is the most stitched-up man in hockey. He has been in hospitals so often that some of the nurses in New York mistake him for an intern. He's one guy who can take punishment.

Speedy Forwards Forget to Stop

Last season Rayner suffered a badly injured left knee in a goal-mouth collision with Montreal's Paul Meger; after spending weeks in the hospital, he missed the remainder of the season. Previously he had bruised the tendon in his thigh when the Leafs' Ted Kennedy crashed into him. Such accidents happen when speedy forwards forget to stop and the goalie acts unwillingly as the brake.

A goalie wears protective equipment worth more than \$150. The heavy leg pads, which are ten inches wide and weigh eleven pounds, cost \$75. The three-pound gloves are worth \$20. Special reinforced boots cost about \$35 and so does the chest protector—or belly pad, as we call it—under our sweater.

In addition to his padded armor, the goalie is equipped

with a larger stick than that used by the other players. Regular sticks are three inches high along the blade, but the goalie has the advantage of a stick blade four-and-a-half inches high.

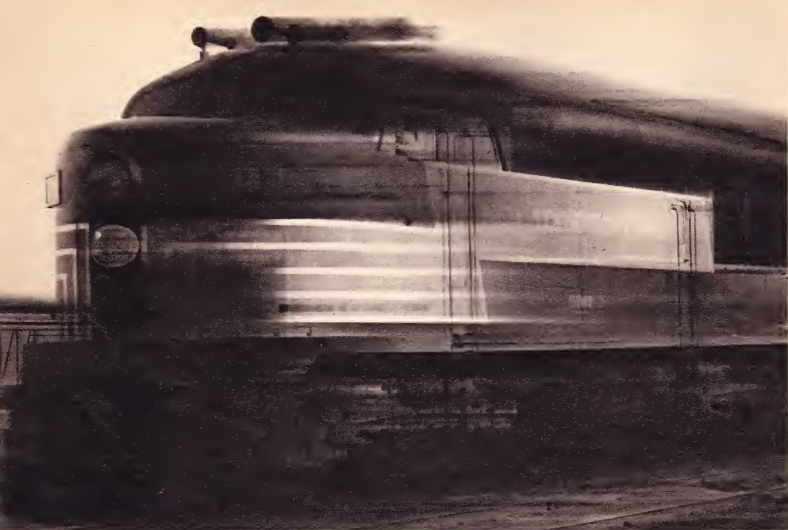
We wear about 30 pounds of equipment and, although we dress for maximum protection, we don't wear a single ounce of protective equipment more than we need.

Injuries never bothered big Bill Durnan, my predecessor with the Canadiens. I have seen him make miraculous saves with his knees aching from injuries, and a cracked hand throbbing under his glove. But when his nerves became as taut as trout lines he quit right in the middle of the 1950 playoffs.

He told our general manager, Frank Selke, that he couldn't take it any longer. It was probably the first time in the history of hockey that the best goalie in the league, a man who had topped the league six years out of seven, quit of his own accord and gave his place to a rookie—me.

I know what it is like to play under mental stress. When my mother died last winter, I decided to carry on as goalie although the Montreal team offered to get a replacement for a few games. The replacement might have been just as good as I am, maybe better. But I didn't want a change in personnel to upset the team, which was going well in a bid to gain second place.

What makes a goalie? In physical characteristics we don't follow any particular pattern. Harry Lumley is plump. Terry Sawchuk is heavy-set. Chuck Rayner and Al Rollins are tall. Jim Henry is about average build and I am kind of on the short side. (Continued on page 92)



FAST FREIGHT

For a rough-and-tumble thrill, climb aboard the mighty Pacemaker, New York Central's powerhouse-on-wheels, as it highballs up the Hudson Valley

by Kevin Hastings Jones

ONE DISMAL spring day, not long ago, a hulking, grease-smeared and sweating railroader named Steve Preska was playing his own special version of Russian roulette. His opponent was the bulging, white-hot boiler of a steam locomotive of the New York Central just outside of Buffalo, New York.

Steve was the fireman on this train. The boiler was his baby—and baby wasn't acting quite the way it should. Steve knew something was wrong—but what? He also knew that one false move, one false guess, and he was dead.

Well, Steve made his move—he pulled the trigger, you might say—and he was wrong.

BLAM! The boiler exploded.

Fireman Steve Preska was blown right through the

window of the engineer's cab. The fearful group that gathered around his mangled body as it lay motionless on the graveled siding pronounced him dead on the spot. There was a brief debate whether to take what remained of Steve to the nearest morgue or the nearest hospital.

The hospital was closer.

For eight pain-wracked months Steve lay there on his back while amazed doctors shook their heads. Piece by piece they put him back together again. And before it was all over, they took 65 stitches in his head.

Steve was grateful—an understatement—that he was alive. But he was sure of one thing—and this hurt—that after 20 years devoted to railroading he would never again step into the engine cab of a train. He was mulling



COMET-LIKE, THE PACEMAKER AND ITS 58 CARS RACE TOWARDS BUFFALO

this over, wondering what the future held, just two weeks before he was scheduled to be released from the hospital. And then he got word that the New York Central, far from considering him washed up, had promoted him to train engineer.

Today Steve is the pilot of the *Pacemaker*, one of the country's fastest freight trains. He takes the *Pacemaker* on the first lap of its New York-to-Buffalo run. He also returns it to New York.

For a high adventure story of railroading, I went to Steve for what proved to be a pulse-pounding trip on the *Pacemaker*. Despite the fact that I'm a guy who has found all kinds of adventure, I found it quite an experience.

But first, let me say, railroading is not the glamorous, do-or-die business that it was supposed to be around the time that Milton Stills was chasing the villain across freight car tops as the train careened madly downhill at 100 mph. Yet, there is no denying that it is a dangerous, tough, he-man trade. It is bruising and bare-knuckled. It is a job where men play straight poker and drink straight whiskey. It ain't for ladies.

So come along with me on the fast-flying *Pacemaker*—on a rough and tumble 36-hour adventure—and see the side of railroading that has nothing to do with luxury coaches, parlor cars or air conditioning.

We pulled out of the West Side freight yards of New York at 7 P.M., 58 heavily loaded cars behind the three

Diesel-electric engines, each generating 1750 horsepower. Our destination was Buffalo. Just a few minutes before, at 33rd Street, I had climbed the tall, steep side of the forward engine—it was like going up to the bridge of a destroyer—and seated myself in a high chair between Steve and his fireman, Lee Woodin.

Slowly we began the limited-speed crawl through the dim, gray caverns up to 125th Street. The tremendous throb of the Diesels at our backs and the unbelievable roar of the 58 freight cars made it impossible to think, let alone talk. It was like being in the saddle of a great, snorting animal. The only thing to do was to hold on.

I have experienced the wrath of the elements in planes and in boats and ships of all sizes—and I have mastered some of the mightier fish which ply the deep—but never have I felt such a surge of power. What was going to happen when it was unleashed?

Just before we had emerged from the underground route, Steve had been telling me that what he and all



ENGINEER STEVE PRESKA

FAST FREIGHT CONTINUED

other engineers fear most is fog and rain. As we came into the open it was beginning to rain and a fog was gathering. The George Washington Bridge stood dimly in the background, spanning a darkening Hudson River.

As one signal and then another changed, the speed increased from 15 to 25 to 30 to 45 miles an hour. As each gait stepped up, the feeling of unlimited power was greater. The rain was coming down heavily now and the fog was closing in as the *Pacemaker* raced into the fabled Hudson Valley of Washington Irving.

The great train was now in the clear, highballing along on a straight, clear track marked with green signals. The din in the cab was terrific. I climbed out of my cockpit seat and went over behind Steve. His eye was on the steadily rising speedometer. It was now at 55—but it seemed like 155. I wasn't scared or anything like that, mind you, but I asked him:

"Steve, if you had to stop right now—and stop as quickly as you could—how long would it take?"

"Oh," he said, lighting a fresh cigar, "about 30 seconds."

"And what would happen during those 30 seconds?" I asked.

"The train would travel about a half mile," he replied. "But that's a very sudden stop. It's not very good for the train, especially the wheels and the rails. They'd both burn up. What we call a fast stop takes about 60 seconds."

As I watched fascinated—like sitting two feet away from a swaying Cobra—the speedometer rose to 60. I couldn't help feeling like a guy in some sort of devilish device which kept on taking the long roller coaster plunge at Coney Island time after time, mile after mile, with no letup, and I was the guy sitting right in the front seat!

This sensation soon left me as I saw the long white beam of another crack train approaching. As the giant windshield wiper swished away, it was quite obvious to me

that it was roaring down the same track we were on—right at us!

I couldn't move. If my mouth was open, I don't think anyone in the dark cab noticed it. But life sort of hung there for a long, breathless second until the speedball, coming out of the darkness and rain, flew past like a monster in the night.

I was almost getting used to the deafening roar in the cab and the roller coaster sensation, but every approaching train, especially those encountered just before or on a sharp curve, kept me on the edge of my precarious seat.

Through the Maze of Switches

But this was only the beginning. We were doing 70 mph as we neared Ossining. The rain had diminished and the fog had cleared some, visibility was fairly good. Looking ahead, I saw a maze of interlaced tracks and switches. And the *Pacemaker*—which was really outpacing itself—was about to roar right through it. I couldn't help being hit with the thought: Suppose just one of those switches isn't set properly?

I was holding on to my chair again as we zoomed over the lace pattern of rails and past the high gray walls of Sing Sing. I thought: The inmates don't know how well off they are.

Now the fog had cleared and the rain had stopped. For a few moments, I watched some of the brightly lit craft moving along the Hudson. But I was completely absorbed with the relentless of the forward-rushing powerhouse, so I lit a cigarette and went over to talk to Steve.

For Steve, who has spent 30 of his 48 years in railroad-ing, this was, naturally, just another night's work.

"One thing you learn in this business," he was saying while he kept one eye on the speedometer and the other on the road, "is to stick to the rules."



THESE ARE ONLY A SMALL PART OF THE FREIGHT HANDLERS AND "CHORE BOYS" NECESSARY TO LOAD THE *PACEMAKER*

"That shouldn't be too hard," I said.
"It's plenty hard," he said. "Takes years to learn—that's why all our engineers are men with more than 20-years' experience."

"Did you find it hard?" I inquired.

"Yes and no. But one day as I was coming out of Yonkers I thought I'd take a chance and go through a signal. It was a mistake. When I saw what was coming right at me, I threw on the full brake. The man in the approaching cab did the same thing."

"It must have been pretty close," I said.

"Yes, it was. It was so close that I was able to step out of my engine right on to his without touching the ground. It was like the time I was standing on the back of a caboose one night, just minding my own business when I suddenly heard a loud noise in back of me and then I got a prod in the behind. It was the engine of a train that had gone through a signal." Steve shook his head.

New Crew Takes Over

The *Pacemaker* was now pulling into the yards at Selkirk, N. Y., where it was to pick up a fresh crew, a new "caboose" and eight more freight cars. Having seen what the operation was up front, I decided to spend the rest of the trip in the caboose at the rear—and perhaps get some sleep. I said goodbye to engineer Steve Preska, who had completed his part of the run and was returning to his Selkirk home for a 26-hour layover.

My experience in the caboose was to prove an adventure in itself. I was directed to what was to be my temporary home for the next nine hours by the Selkirk yardmaster. I climbed the steps and for a second my mind—figuratively—went back about a hundred years to the famous Virginia & Truckee railroad, now a museum piece.

I looked inside the caboose to see, just to my left, an elderly looking gent stirring up hot coals in a pot-bellied stove. Cozy, I thought. I walked in and introduced myself. He welcomed me, let fly a flowing squirt of tobacco from the corner of his mouth into the fire, and indicated that I should make myself comfortable.

Over on the right, a little further up, an old-fashioned oil lamp, clamped to the wall, burned brightly over an ancient desk. Along either side of the walls were plain wooden benches with imitation leather seating—for use as sleeping bunks. At a few spots, a board was propped up at an angle—this was by way of being a pillow, of course.

I took off my coat and hung it up on a peg on the wall. I then asked the old brakeman if there was any water to drink. "Sure thing," he said, and led me to a closet near the door where from one shelf he produced a pail of water and from another a white cup with a broken handle.

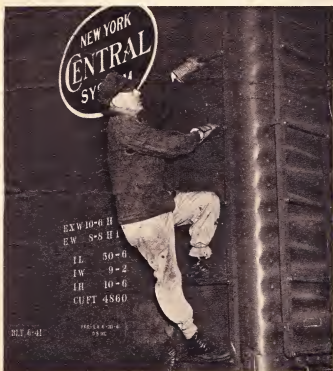
I then came up with the \$64.50 question. Where was the toilet? He looked at me as if I were speaking a foreign language. Then he said, "What do you have to do, son?" "It shouldn't take long," I replied.

"In that case," he said, bull's-eyeing the fire with another splatter of tobacco juice, "just step out there to the rail."

When I came back, I sat down on the bench next to the desk. He had finished poking the fire, and came over and seated himself on the "bedding" alongside the desk. Just to prove that I had been received socially he offered me a chaw—which I declined.

For the next half-hour I was treated to the story of his life and the conclusion that railroading was a gosh-awful, crazy business and no one with a half-grain of gray matter would ever get in it. He had been in it for nearly 50 years.

"Another thing," he rambled on, "that always gets a



A YARDMAN RIDES TO SPOT WHERE CARS WILL BE COUPLED



AS THE TRAIN SLOWS, BRAKEMAN THROWS BRAKE ON CARS

FAST FREIGHT CONTINUED

fellow down is them cars full of chickens and pigs and cattle. Sometimes in the summer we get one right in front of the caboose and phooey! (This was emphasized with another brown splat out the nearest window.) If it's chickens, I can't eat any eggs for a week; if it's cattle, I swear off steak for life; and if it's pigs, I not only give up pork chops but I go on a diet for a week."

I decided to get some sleep. I was half dozed off when the rest of the crew, which would take the *Pacemaker* as far as Syracuse, came aboard. The engineer and fireman, of course, were 58 cars up ahead in the engine. In the caboose with me, for the trip to Buffalo, were the conductor and two brakemen.

Like the rest of them I curled up on the imitation leather mattress and the lamp was doused. Our caboose, separated from the freight, lay in the yards for what seemed an hour and there was no sound except an occasional freight that moved through the yards. Then came a crash at one end of our caboose that sounded like a near-by clap of thunder. The *Pacemaker's* three-Diesel engine had bumped our caboose—not gently—with all of its 58 freight cars. I felt like a billiard ball after Willie Hoppe had made one of his trick shots. Boy, was this fun!

The initial whack was just a sample of what was to come. Completely empty except for its human cargo, the caboose dangled around like a toy at the end of the heavily-laden freight train. It bounced and rolled from side to side as though it was going to somersault.

Just Like "Crack-the-Whip"

When the *Pacemaker*, doing 70 mph, hit a good turn I was reminded—not pleasantly—of the game kids play on skates called crack-the-whip. With the lights out and only the red glow of the fire, I couldn't help but think that this was some satanic delight indulged in by the devil himself.

Just before we went roaring into the Syracuse yards to pick up the third and last crew, the mighty freight took a sharp curve and I landed on the floor in a perfect five-point landing. One of the brakemen lifted his head up from his mattress and observed in the dark, "You gotta keep yourself closer to the wall." He was so right.

Syracuse was a nice place. No new freight cars, no new caboose. Just a new crew—and a new set of Diesels. I might have known. I was fast asleep, almost beginning to get a hankering for this railroad business when they put the new engines on. Once again the thunder clapped and Willie Hoppe was making some more trick shots. The only reason I didn't slide three feet down the boards of the bunk was because my head was up against the edge of my wood-slab pillow. So all that happened was that everything but my head shot up three feet.

Then, once again, the drunken sailor of the rails was off on another tear. This time I stayed closer to the wall.

Slows to 40 on Uphill Grade

When I awoke I couldn't believe it. The *Pacemaker* was crawling along at 40 miles an hour—going uphill. I got up, shook the nightmares out of my head, and went to the back platform of the caboose for a breath of air. The countryside was glorious, autumn had put in her appearance.

I met the third crew, the one which was taking us to the end of this mad run. There was kindly old Lou Weeks, the conductor; Pete Walters, W. G. Horn, Paul Hemmermann, J. C. Hastrich, all brakemen.

Out of curiosity I asked Weeks, "That was quite a ride we had last night—are all cabooses like this one?"

"Hell," he said, "this is a good one."

"Tell me," I said, "is there some special reason why these things are built like this? Would it be too damn much trouble for the New York Central to install some decent bunks for their trainmen like they do on their regular passenger trains?"

"Of course there's a reason," he replied. "Suppose a section of the train breaks off on a steep hill and starts careening down. What's going to hit first? Right, the caboose. Now what would you do if the caboose suddenly broke loose on a steep hill?"

"What would I do?" I gasped (I hadn't thought of it). "Why I'd jump out the nearest window or leap off the rear platform."

"And get killed," said Weeks. "That's the reason for the boards. In a case like that (Continued on page 89)



CONDUCTOR, standing beside the caboose, flashes traditional "highball" signal, giving go-ahead for next leg of the journey.



RIDING CABOOSE, only slightly less rugged than bronco-busting, doesn't faze veteran trainman who works casually at table.

THIS engaging tale was told me in the spring of 1950 by my favorite waiter, in my favorite Paris cafe. He said it came to him from his cousin, a man of discretion, who is a porter at the Monte Carlo casino.

A Russian warship—from his description it was a destroyer—had put in at Monte Carlo's charming harbor a few months previously. Its captain, a big, burly fellow, spick and span in whites, came ashore in a launch accompanied by several officers. They explained that they were on a training cruise.

That evening, after a majestic dinner, the captain and his men made their way to the gaming tables. The captain bought around 30,000 francs worth of chips, a matter of about \$100, and settled himself at the roulette wheel.

The captain, apparently an unpatriotic fellow, never once favored the red but played the black heavily, and won. His men clustered about him to watch and applaud.

At midnight, the captain cashed in about \$2,000 worth of chips and departed.

The next night he was back again, accompanied only by a scowling fellow in Red naval uniform who spoke French and was his interpreter. That night, the captain won another \$2,000. When leaving, he mentioned that he was casting off on the morrow.

But apparently, he had been struck by the lure of capitalist fortune; he was back again the next night. This time, he did not play the conservative black, which pays two for one, but played Number 9 which, if it hits, pays 35 to one.

Before you could say "Vyacheslav M. Molotov," he had dropped some \$5,000. The captain swore a number of unmistakable Russian swear words and departed.

His ship did not go away on the morning. He was back again that night. This time, he played steadily on Number 9 and tried to hedge by playing the black too. Unfortunately, the red kept coming up and Number 9 but rarely.

Night after night he returned. No longer were his whites natty and no longer was he well groomed. He lost steadily, still favoring the Number 9 and the black.

Within two weeks, he had lost somewhat over \$75,000.

LOSER TAKES ALL

It took nine guns but the Russian had
a system Monte Carlo couldn't beat



ROULETTE WHEEL at Monte Carlo's famed casino, where the Soviet navy set a brand new style for losers.

One midnight, after losing about \$5,000, the captain crooked a dirty finger at the croupier and demanded to see the manager. He was led to the manager's office.

"What is your pleasure?" the manager asked.

The captain's interpreter explained. It seemed the captain had lost not only his own money but the funds in his ship's treasury as well. The manager would be good enough to refund both.

The manager was thunderstruck. "This is impossible," he said. "Our games are known to be honest. However, if the captain is short on his personal funds, the Casino will be glad to oblige with a small loan to get him back home."

When the manager's words had been translated, the captain smashed his huge fist on the table. He could not go home, the interpreter explained, for he would be shot. Already, his ship was more than 15 days overdue and he would be court-martialed for that. But he would surely die for gambling away the ship's monies.

Then, through the interpreter, the captain delivered his ultimatum. His crew, he said, would obey him implicitly. Unless \$100,000 in cash were refunded to him by 4 A.M., his nine guns

would be trained on the Casino and then demolish it. "I have nothing to lose," the captain said.

The manager knew the Russians. Hurriedly, he roused three of the Casino's seven directors. By the time they arrived at the Casino, the captain had departed. The directors wrangled, screamed and raised their hands in horror. "This will mean a world war," one said.

At 3:30 A.M., they looked out of the great windows and saw the destroyer coming in and turning. Nine great guns swiveled to the sky, lowered, and pointed directly at them. Frantically, they gathered \$100,000 into two satchels. Waving great flares, they were driven in a launch to the side of the ship. They came topside, counted out the money to the captain in his cabin, and departed.

Several minutes later, the destroyer turned out to sea and vanished. What happened to the captain is not known. The manager considers that if the captain is dead, it was worth the \$100,000.

—Ed Elise



SHADY

LADIES at Military Camps

REAL reports on how prostitutes prey
on servicemen—their
techniques, rackets, centers of operation
—and how the evil is being fought
by Norman Mitchell

THE GIRL looked just a bit better than she really was. But as she stood at one end of the tavern bar and watched the soldiers at the other end down their beers, there was little secret about her profession. The over-roused cheeks and the too-bright lipstick, the spike heels and the low-cut dress told their story of prostitute, B-girl, chippie, hustler—call her any name you choose. There was an odd mixture of contempt and respect in the sex-selling voice.

"This racket," she said, "ain't what it used to be."

Prostitution—and by that I mean a commercialized prostitution preying on servicemen from army camps, naval installations, air and coast guard bases—is under better control today than ever before in our nation's history. More communities are "cleaner;" fewer servicemen suffer from venereal disease; authorities are cracking down sharper and faster on the entrepreneurs of vice.

That doesn't mean illicit sex isn't available to servicemen. A United States map with red circles where brothels run flagrantly and prostitutes openly ply their trade would look as if it had geographical smallpox.

What it does mean is evidenced in these figures from the American Social Hygiene Association, the only national organization fighting prostitution: In 1948 slightly more than half (52 per cent) of the communities surveyed by ASHA's undercover investigators were rated "unsatisfactory." By 1951 less than one out of four areas—only 23 per cent—had not yet taken effective action against prostitution racketeers.

REAL Magazine asked me to find out how the shady ladies are preying on servicemen today—their techniques, their rackets, their centers of operation—and how an aroused citizenry and honest law-enforcement agencies are fighting them. This report, compiled with the help of on-the-spot correspondents and the cooperation of the American Social Hygiene Association, is the result.

To protect undercover vice investigators, some communities are not identified by name, but only by location. Facts and figures obtained from confidential ASHA reports reflect conditions for approximately the first eight months of 1952—the latest period for which material was available. These facts are authoritative and up-to-date.

Galveston Is Wide Open

Without question, the most wide open city in the nation is Galveston, Texas, site of a U.S. Naval base. The brothels, of which there are at least a score, are open 'round-the-clock, with girls working on two and three shifts. Indecencies and vulgarities are part of the routine sales talk hurled down on prospective customers from the windows of the houses in which women boast of their abilities and give detailed explanations of the services they render.

Cabbies, who do a booming business transporting servicemen to the bordellos, defend the fact that commercialized prostitution flourishes with the tacit consent of local authorities. "The whores used to hang around bars," one said. "Now most of them are in houses and get a medical once a week. The sailors are safer that way, see, from VD. And they don't get rolled, either."

A typical serviceman paid tribute to Galveston in glowing terms. "Brother," he said, "this is the best liberty town

◀ RIGID CONTROL of bordellos in many cities means that the girls make contacts in bars and on side streets.

SHADY LADIES CONTINUED

in the U.S. A guy can get anything he wants any time."

But Galveston is virtually unique. There are other areas where prostitution operates under much less blatant guises.

Take, for example, an eastern city of over one million population located in the heart of a network of military installations. It maintains a vice control so rigid that there is not a single known house of prostitution. No call girl will risk playing her profession for any amount of money. Not one hackie will admit knowing the location of a brothel, or even of one prostitute. It's that tight.

"Clean Cities" Often Vice-ridden

Does this sound like a clean city that provides a wholesome atmosphere for the thousands of servicemen who flock there on leaves and on weekend passes? Guess again. According to experts, it's one of the most dangerous cities for servicemen—dangerous physically and morally. To add insult to injury, it siphons out of many a serviceman's pockets most of his pay, leaving him scarcely enough to get back to his base.

An old-timer, who knew the town when it had a roaring red light district, mused reminiscently over past glories. Then he said, "Today, everything's in the bars, the taverns, the cheap night clubs. And, boy, you pay through the nose. And not just in money alone."



SHORE LEAVE means a lot to a sailor—it also means plenty to the vicious harpies who are waiting to fleece him.

The answer is the night spot—the small club, the sleazy lewd comics, drink hustling by waitresses and "B-girls," and the inevitable immoral offers made by the performers or the waitresses after the show. Despite vigilant vice squads, the operators of these traps manage to escape prosecution in the luxuriant growths of the jungle of big city politics.

"When a pinch is made," one informant said, "it's the gal who takes the rap, not the owner."

The "girls" have to run the risk of arrest. Except for the higher-scale strippers, most of them average about \$1 a day in wages, plus whatever tips they can entice. Prostituting their bodies is a financial necessity.

In the soft light of the bar or night club lurks the B-girl—usually young, fairly well-dressed and attractive. If she isn't offered a drink by the man she attaches herself to, she asks for one. The serviceman gets his liquor but the B-girl—though she orders the most expensive drink in the house—gets a "Down" (tea or colored water). The "drinks," which cost the serviceman about \$1 each, are to keep him spending his money. In the more depraved taverns and unfettered night spots, these girls take servicemen into small, dimly-lit booths. There she either partially disrobes, or permits the man to fondle her intimately, or moves her hands across his body—anything to keep him buying drinks.

One ASHA investigator reported that a waitress served a drink, then slid into the booth across from a sailor. Saying, "Whew, it's hot!" she unbuttoned her uniform blouse, lowered her bra and exposed her breasts. "That's the way we ought to be allowed to dress in this weather," she added.

Summed up the investigator: "Flattering remarks well-peppered with wandering hands cause many patrons to part with more money than they expected to spend."

"I call it 'whoredom' even if there aren't supposed to be any whores in this town," said one serviceman. "They'll take the gold out of your teeth if you don't watch out."

Prostitution Booming in Smaller Towns

But the prostitution racketeers who are out after the rich market of millions of young, lonely and naive servicemen are not making their greatest headway in the country's bigger cities. Their main success has come in centers ranging from towns with 200,000 population down to highway crossroads.

One reason for this is obvious. In large cities a man who doesn't know his way around, who doesn't have the proper connections, finds it difficult to locate a pay-for-play prostitute. Even if he does, the prices are too high. (One call-girl ring recently broken up by New York City police charged up to \$500 a night for a girl's favors.) Commercialized prostitution is more evident in the smaller towns; the serviceman can spot a house or a woman easier, or be steered to one by any reasonably knowing local citizen.

But the second reason is not so obvious. It's buried in double-talk and protected by payoffs. Basically, it is the breakdown—or the buying off—of the machinery for vice control. The best testimony to this lies in the prostitution history of some typical communities. For example, take the record of a major city in the Pacific Northwest, a

center for troops from a nearby Air Force base, a Naval station, an Army training camp and a Coast Guard base.

In February, 1952, there was no commercialized prostitution in this town. It was closed tight as a drum. "The elections," it was said revealingly, "have the cops on their toes."

Now skip to July of the same year. Seven brothels were running (though cautiously) and more were preparing to open. Cab drivers were more than ready to act as go-betweens. And 16 bars canvassed by investigators were overflowing with pickups.

What had happened between February and July? A new city administration had been elected.

Raids on brothels followed a pattern. The owners or madams were notified in advance of the time of the raid. Usually it was scheduled for 10 or 11 A.M., when there was little, if any, business going on. The madam went to police court and was fined. Fine money—or bail money—was ready, and the madam was released in plenty of time to get her girls ready for the evening's work. Result: graft, the police payoff, had been made in a most legal manner; the city appeared to be fighting vice; citizens' groups were technically appeased; and the house hadn't lost so much as a minute's time or a dollar's income.

Corruption Protects Rackets

The prostitution racketeers have to keep alert to changing climates of opinion in local administration, know just how far they can go. One Louisiana town, for instance, raided late in 1951 by narcotics detectives, had eight of its nine brothels closed. Early in 1952, six of them were operating again.

Brothels in an Indiana city near a major Army camp admit servicemen only if they wear civilian clothes. (This is routine in towns where the city fathers tolerate vice but feel they must throw a sop to military authorities.) The law's net result is to set up in business a few more crooks who make an enormous profit out of renting civvies to men in uniform. Usually the clothes-renting store—which has booths for quick changes—is within convenient walking distance of a brothel.

For an example of well-run, middle-class vice, examine a small city in the state of Washington. It's located near an air base and a naval training station. It has three



ARMY CAMPS offer few recreational facilities for a G.I.'s off-duty time and nearby communities do little to help.

houses of prostitution, known to the city authorities and tolerated so long as these rules are followed: 1. the girls must have regular physical exams; 2. men in uniform may not be admitted; 3. liquor must not be sold inside the house; 4. the brothel must close promptly at 3 A.M. (The rules don't say anything about customers who haven't completed their purchases by closing time.)

The most disheartening aspect is the "phony cleanup"—so often the rule rather than the exception in vice-ridden cities. When protests from citizens or from commandants of neighboring military camps rise too high, councilmen and police officials hurry to placate them by closing down the more flagrant houses. But once outraged civic virtue has thus been patted into quiescence, the prostitutes return and the cycle begins again.

A southern city provides a prime history. After a wartime clampdown, undercover investigators for the ASHA found brothels were making a comeback, and that the city's hotels and taverns were honeycombed with hustlers. Their approach was far from subtle. One sailor, buying drinks from the barmaid, was told:

"Get a room upstairs, let me know the number, and I'll be up after midnight."

Another was solicited by a B-girl this way: "We can go to any little bitty hotel after this joint's closed."

The VD rate soared, and no wonder. One hustler boasted publicly: "I made \$26 last night. Didn't get to sleep till 6 A.M. Everytime I was ready to snooze another guy would come in."

Half-hearted arrests were useless. The girls were "vagged"—charged with vagrancy—fined a small amount and released within a day or two. (Continued on page 88)

EXPLOITED SERVICEMEN

It is an ironic tragedy that in national emergencies, when our minds and hearts are concerned with the struggle to preserve the very future of our country, we should have to spend some of our energies fighting the illegal prostitution racket. But that's the case—as it has been in each period of mobilization.

Forty years' experience in fighting prostitution has demonstrated again and again that vice elements are unremitting in their efforts to exploit servicemen. They sell sex, with resulting VD. They sell bad liquor, or too much. They steal the servicemen's money in crooked gambling and confidence rackets, and rob them in fake fights.

REAL does a public service in bringing these evils to your attention. We urge you to fight back at those who make a business of exploiting servicemen and to support civic groups working for wholesome communities.

—American Social Hygiene Association

When the little guys from outer space land on your front lawn and claim it for king and for country, your women will still be safe, says our stellar reporter, **W. F. Miksch**



How to handle the flying saucer-men



PERHAPS some day soon, in those small, quiet hours before dawn that appeal to nobody except mystery writers and milkmen, your squaw will shake you awake. "Myron," she'll say—provided you are Myron—"I heard something moving downstairs! In the yard maybe! Better go see." (This is a wife's way of saying, "Go get yourself shot.")

So you'll first take a quick look out the bedroom window, and the view will be far from reassuring. Over there, between the ailanthus tree and the garbage can, you'll see it—something resembling an eight-foot derby hat spinning on its brim, giving off blinding flashes of light, whistling like a teakettle, and throwing sparks all over the lot. Meanwhile, creeping up your rain-spout will be a squad of determined little men about the size of table lamps. Visitors from another world! Saucer-men from outer space! And you haven't even had your coffee yet!

What will you do? (a) Phone the police? (b) Resolve to limit yourself to five rye highballs in the future? or (c) Tell your wife that it's "just some old weather balloon," and go back to bed. It'll be a big decision, so don't just stand there grinning at your slippers.

Everybody Talks—Nobody Does Anything

We've been prepared and rehearsed for almost every other possible emergency—what to do when the baby cries, till the doctor comes, if the A-bomb falls. Yet with thousands of flying saucers sighted since 1947, and with thousands of words written about them, nobody has come forward with suggestions on how to behave when the saucers land.

Alarmed at this oversight, **REAL** now comes through with the first down-to-earth saucer information. To get it, the following questions were submitted to that noted space expert, Dr. Lionel Dockspritz, author of "How To Take Off Like a Rocket When the Vice Squad Calls," "They'll Be Flying Six White Saucers When They Come," and numerous other works well-known to scientists.

Q: Dr. Dockspritz, you are an authority on saucers?

A: I know all about saucers, yes. Six years I worked in the cup and saucer foundry at the No-Chip Pottery Works in Hackettstown, New Jersey. Cups I wasn't much good at though; couldn't stick the handles on right. But saucers—they're my dish.

Q: Splendid, doctor. Then perhaps you'll give us some helpful hints on how to conduct ourselves when the saucers full of little men arrive. For instance, shall we act friendly toward them?

A: If by "friendly" you mean leaning over backwards to be nice—*don't!* Remember the picture in your history books of the Indians rushing down to the boat to welcome Columbus? They were only trying to be friendly. And where did it get them? On a reservation!



DON'T TREAT 'EM TOO GOOD OR THEY'LL HANG AROUND

Q: Then shall we be unfriendly?

A: Not exactly. Just don't be too enthusiastic. Like when your wife's cousins from the coast are driving through town and drop in overnight. Treat them too good and you've got one hell of a time getting them to go home again.

Q: I see, doctor. But will the spacemen be friendly?

A: As friendly as can be expected, considering they've been trying to find a place to park their saucers for about five years now.

Q: Will we be able to talk to them in English?

A: Yes, indeed. I think science-fiction has pretty well established the fact that English is spoken throughout all of space. Captain Video has no trouble making himself understood on Mars, and on some of the other planets.

Venutian Lilliputians

Q: I'm glad to hear that, doctor. Because then the little men can tell us exactly where they're from, can't they?

A: I'm afraid not.

Q: But why not? I thought it was agreed that they're from Venus?

A: Quite possibly from what we call Venus. But they probably call it something entirely different, so I don't see how we'll ever know for sure. Oh, we can ask them all right, where they're from, only the best they'll be able to do will be to point to the starry sky and say, "From way the hell up there someplace."

Q: Well, why do they want to come here, doctor?

A: It does seem foolish, doesn't it? Especially since a lot of us here are working on getting away to the moon or even where they're coming from. Still I suppose the grass always looks greener on the other planet.

Q: But surely they have some mission?

A: Their immediate mission is to plant a little Venutian flag in your front lawn and claim it for king and country.

Q: If we pretend we don't see them, will they go away?

A: That's an interesting point. I have a brother-in-law who used to try something of the sort. Mornings, after a big night he used to find Gila monsters on his pillow. Finally he pretended not to see them, and damned if they didn't go away. Only then the duck-billed platypuses came instead, so my poor brother-in-law went away. He's still away, but I visit him Thursdays. No, I'm afraid that won't work.

Q: Well, this is a delicate subject, doctor—but will our women be safe from these spacemen?

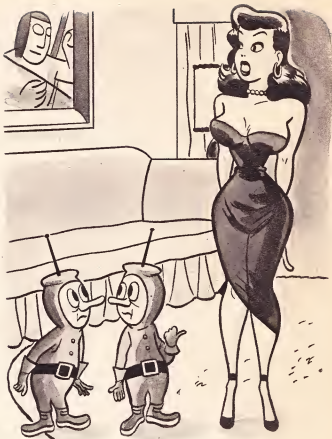
A: As safe as a \$500-a-date call girl at a misers' convention. In the first place, the little men from Venus can't be very preoccupied with sex; otherwise they'd be putting their time to better use than spinning through space. Secondly, they're only about 18 inches tall, which would make things very awkward. What I mean is, if you were only 18 inches tall, you'd be thinking more in terms of Minnie Mouse than Marilyn Monroe.

Q: I hope you're right, doctor. Still there are such things as elevator shoes. . .

A: Will you please stop worrying. The little guys can't take off their space suits anyhow or they'll explode or oxidize or something.

Q: Tell me, will they be flying a late model saucer?

A: I daresay it will be this year's model. Older models



"BE A PAL, AND GIVE A GUY A BOOST."

have been variously reported by eyewitnesses as looking like flying hub caps, flying ice cream cones, and even flying vegetable crates. But I am looking forward to seeing the very latest hard-top convertible, chain-driven Super Saucer 60 with the three spinning speeds—78 rpm, 45 rpm, and 33½ rpm for those who like lp. records.

Q: Hmmm, suppose we could lay our hands on one of these saucers, wouldn't it have some good commercial possibilities?

A: Provided the location was right, we could open a roadside hot dog stand in it. Of course, while waiting for customers we'd have to be pretty careful not to lean against any buttons. Business might boom.

Q: Now how about a final word of advice on what to do if the little men don't know when to go home?

A: Only this: Hand them an income tax form to fill out, let them listen to a broadcast of the latest news from Moscow, and play them a Johnny Ray recording. Then stand by for the blast off. And now I've simply got to rush back to my observatory.

Q: Back to your telescope, eh, doctor?

A: Yes, yes—not a moment to lose.

Q: Afraid you'll miss seeing a saucer, doctor?

A: Saucer! Who watches saucers! Every night at this time there's a blonde across the street who takes a sun lamp treatment with her venetian blinds up.

Q: For shame, doctor! Surely you don't spy on this young lady while she's tanning?

A: Why not? Better to watch a dish frying than a saucer flying!

END

Weather bad, seas high....

TANKER IN

KEY WEST Florida, is a lazy kind of place. The pirates loved it for many reasons: Endless, rolling dunes of ageless sand, palms that bent and bowed to the soft whisper of the wind and the harsh hurricane alike, the blue and green waters that made a gleaming, glistening jewel of the coral, the tropical wondrous touch that made magic of the moon.

This story is not of the pirates. Nor is it of the sands, the palms, the waters, the jewels of the coral or the magic of the moon.

However, this story does start in Key West, the date Monday, May 28, 1951. On this day started a unique saga of the sea—certainly the longest sea rescue in modern history.

Before the 61 days of hardship and heartache ended some 16,843 treacherous miles of turbulent sea were to be covered.

It was exactly 11:45 A.M. of May 28 that Captain Frank A. Shepherd, salvage officer of the little salvage vessel *Cable*, belonging to the Merritt-Chapman & Scott Corp., ordered "shove off" from Key West. This order followed on the heels of a long distance phone call from New York.

The *Cable* had just returned from a job on two tankers

which had collided and burned off Galveston, Texas. Her crew was tired, beaten, in need of a rest. There wasn't enough fuel or food aboard. Salvage gear was in a complete mess. But this call was "urgent."

Skipper Edwin L. Foster called all hands to the bridge and told them:

"There is a T-2 tanker fully loaded in distress off Buenos Aires. She's lost her propeller and needs assistance. She was caught in a storm between the Cape of Good Hope and Buenos Aires. Somewhere near Latitude 31°30' South, Longitude 17°04' West she lost her blade. Let's go and get her."

So the *Cable*, just catching her breath like her crew, shoved off from the dingy, oil-streaked berth at Key West.

As she pushed through the first of the 8,000 miles to the south, the *Cable* learned that a Brazilian tug had attempted to tow the tanker into Buenos Aires, but had been beaten off by storms. Also that the steward of the tanker was a diabetic and was in immediate need of insulin.

All in an hour's time, the *Cable* had picked up a supply of insulin, a two-month provision of dry stores and meat, and had re-signed the crew for six months under Coastwise and Nearby Foreign Articles. No one realized just how much had been done—including the taking on of supplies for the tanker crew—as the *Cable* poked her staunch bow into the ominous Atlantic.

Engines of the *Cable* were set at "full speed" as it raced for the first port of call, Trinidad, where fuel and water tanks were refilled to capacity. This 1,495-mile run had taken the salvage vessel just a little over five days.

Mountainous Waves

It was on Sunday, June 3, that the long ocean trek was to start. In good weather and calm seas the *Cable* passed Galena Point Light, on the northeastern tip of Trinidad—the last point of land to be seen for many days.

Then the weather hit. Mountainous waves overwhelmed the *Cable's* bridge. The first mate, Jim Connor, was carried from the bow to the stern and only by grabbing a tow chain did he remain aboard.

This was not a hurricane, but it was brewed in the same pot. Rains lashed the deck until it glistened and shone under the relentlessness of the wind. The seas stood up and seemed to roar—a roar of challenge and defiance



RUGGED CREW of the *Cable* strip down for action as the men go about the ticklish job of fastening their towing line.

WAVE-LASHED SALVAGE VESSEL HAULS HER DISABLED CHARGE TO PORT ON THE LAST LEG OF HER EPIC JOURNEY ▶

DISTRESS!

by Bob Jennings

Answering an urgent call for help, the tough salvage vessel undertook the longest rescue job in modern times—a 16,000-mile, 61-day saga of hardship and heartache



TANKER IN DISTRESS CONTINUED



CAPTAIN Edwin L. Foster won 16,843-mile battle with the sea.

to the *Cable*, as though telling the indomitable little craft that it could not complete its mission.

But the *Cable* bucked and dodged and ducked and met all the wiles of its would-be conqueror. And on June 5, as the sky cleared and the seas subsided, the *Cable* made first radio contact with the stricken tanker.

The tanker reported: "Latitude 32°43' South, Longitude 14°47' West. Drifting. Weather bad. Seas high. Food and medicine low. Spirits

good. Awaiting your arrival."

The position given by the tanker indicated a considerable drift to the south and east.

"Weather bad . . . seas high" was an understatement in the best traditions of the sea. Near-hurricane forces were whipping the defenseless tanker, as the *Cable* was soon to learn.

For the moment, riding the zephyrs of the trade winds, the *Cable* had smooth sailing.

On June 10 came the next radio contact. The tanker was still drifting southward and eastward. She told

the *Cable*: "All hands good. Rations low. Hope to see you soon."

The *Cable* shot back: "Coming fastest possible speed. Full supplies. Hold on."

The tanker replied: "Appreciate much. All crew watching your progress. Cheering you on. This is fifth week of drifting."

Once again the vagaries of the elements were manifested in blustering, swells that consumed the tiny craft for endless moments. The sea was a maddened shrew, the wind and the sky a frightened runaway chased by her.

The *Cable* pitched and strained. As her nose plowed into the emerald crests her propellers spit up plumes of feathery spray. Her belly full of tons of oil, she rocked and rolled like a half-empty cask.

It was just seven in the morning of June 21—a bright, beautiful dawning for a change—that Captain Foster established that he was just 60 miles from the tanker.

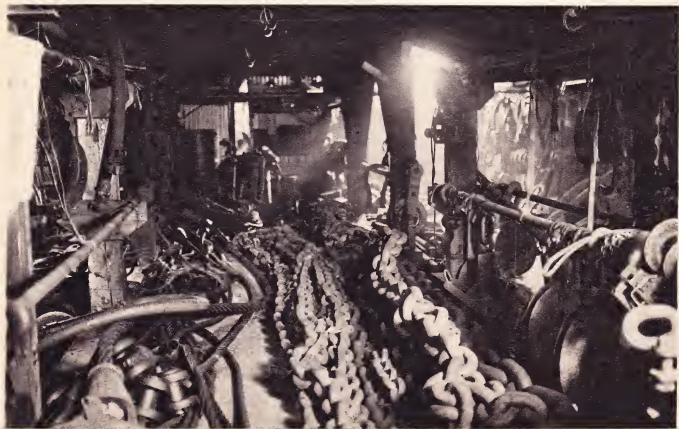
He radioed: "It won't be long now. Getting you on radar screen. See you soon."

At 10 o'clock that morning the tanker was seen on the radar screen of the *Cable*. The weather was clear and the sea calm—but that wasn't to last for long.

At one in the afternoon the *Cable* hove to off the disabled tanker. Her position at this time was Latitude 30°42' South, Longitude 9°57' West. This was roughly 700 miles southeast of the originally given position.

The 21-man crew of the tanker lined the deck and waved. The crew of the *Cable* waved back.

As the *Cable* prepared to put a line aboard, scudding



SECURING A LINE TO TANKER IN HEAVY SEAS TOOK MANY HOURS. SALVAGE CABLE AND CHAIN ARE SHOWN BELOW DECK.

clouds blotted out the sun, giving the sky an ominous cast.

First job was to get the supplies aboard the stricken vessel. This was done by the small boat, and after four trips the mission was completed. It was obvious on the last trip that a blow was coming up. The sun disappeared and the seas mounted.

The diabetic steward, it was learned, had been removed a few days earlier by a passing ship bound for Capetown, out of Buenos Aires. So the race with the insulin had been in vain.

As the *Cable* pitched in the increasingly heavy seas Captain Foster concentrated on the next most important thing at hand: Getting a line aboard. The *Cable* had traveled some 8,659 miles to take the tanker in tow—and had some 3,000 miles more to go to Buenos Aires—but all this depended on a thin stretch of line between the two ships.

The first shot with the line was good, but a sudden lurch of the tanker snapped it. The second shot missed completely as the seas became heavier and visibility lessened. The third shot was good, but it was hours before the heavy line was secured and then made fast to the tanker's anchor chain. Because of the weather and what it threatened to be, a long play was left in both the line and the chain in order to prevent their snapping.

The Long Haul Starts

Just before the haul to port started the *Cable* sent one of its motorboats over to rig a radio crystal to the tanker's mast. This enabled radiophone communication between the two ships.

Coincidence or otherwise, it turned out that the tanker's skipper was Teddy Kirchhoff, a former captain for Merritt-Chapman & Scott. He and Captain Foster served together on the salvage vessel *Relief*.

So the long haul started.

From the very beginning it was certain that it was going to be rough. Winds at gale-force lashed in from the west. Both the *Cable* and her helpless charge took the seas head-on. Many times the *Cable* almost disappeared from view as she plied through the boiling foam and seemingly insurmountable walls of water.

Like the errant drunk, the tanker reeled and rolled on the end of its leash. As wave after wave cascaded over its bow, it seemed to lift its head and shake each one off like the first dousing the morning after the night before.

All this was taking its toll on the staunch little salvage ship. At times it was forced down to as little as three knots and at other times to bare steerage way. This was no easy tow—the tanker was loaded with 15,000 tons of bunker oil.

It was ironic. The *Cable* was beginning to run low on fuel—but bunker oil could not be used in her Diesel engines.

The weather and the wind continued from the west and it was becoming apparent that neither the tug nor the tanker were going to make port.

It was now a question of whether the expedition would make Buenos Aires or even Montevideo. Captain Foster held hourly conferences with Captain Frank Shepherd, in charge of the salvage, and Chief Engineer Allison Knowles. It was debated (Continued on page 95)



MOTORBOAT from the *Cable*, in race with an impending storm, makes fast a line in order to deliver much-needed supplies.



SMALL BOAT from tanker and the salvage vessel's motorboat take advantage of short break in weather to exchange visits.



PROUDLY steaming through calmer waters, the *Cable* heads back to Key West after completing gallant rescue of tanker.



The world's finest hunters have failed to stop the clubfooted killer of the Sonoras

Trail of the Deadly Jaguar

by Seth Kantor

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM SAVITT

BACK IN THE SUMMER before World War II began, natives of Mexico's Sierra Madre Occidente foothills complained about a young jaguar that was killing their cattle.

The jaguar is fierce and cunning, the undisputed king of Mexican beasts. Yucca and Mayo Indians of Sonora have, for centuries, called him "El Tigre" out of sheer reverence for the animal's speed and ferocious power. For hunters willing to match stalking skills with El Tigres, rancho bounties amount to \$300. The carcass of a mountain lion or cow-killing bear brings only \$100.

This particular El Tigre left tracks which showed a front right paw twisted in, almost like a clubfoot, yet the tracks were even. It seemed likely that, as a kitten, he had caught his foot in a trap or between two rocks.

What made this jaguar most frightening was his temper. Natives told Les Woodell, an American hunter, that the animal was killing dogs and colts, ripping their remains

apart, then vanishing without devouring any of his fresh kill.

Jaguars, like their Indian kin, the Bengal tiger, rarely kill unless moved by hunger. This young, cripple-pawed Tigre was striking viciously out of sheer lust for murder.

Woodell set out after him. But he was unable to cut a sign, as El Twisted Foot took to the rim rocks for escape. After a futile day-long chase, that night the hunter made camp with his bloodhounds in a clearing.

El Tigre swept down swiftly from a rock perch, leaping for Woodell's strike dog. Before the man could fully awaken and get his .30-30 set, El Tigre had ripped open the dog's throat, with one snarling motion, and had jumped from sight.

Long regarded as a veteran gringo huntsman in Mexico, Woodell was furious over this defeat, particularly because the jaguar had been able to kill his best dog without a fight. It should never have happened. It's well known

AS VAN ZANDT FELL, THE STRIKE DOG LEAPED TO CATCH THE JAGUAR IN MID-AIR





THREE HUNTERS of the murdering El Tigre: from left to right, Chico Ramos, Les Woodell and Captain R. C. Van Zandt.

that jaguars almost always go for the lead dog, then for the hunter. But a good dog can rarely be fooled by such a maneuver. The best hunting dogs have been described as part bloodhound, part trig and part July. They're rib-boned, mixed English bloodhound and fox hound, able to stand the rigors of Sonora's peculiarly rough lands and the intense heat.

Woodell was unable to cut a further sign on El Tigre and he returned to camp, vowing that the twisted-foot killer would soon be cut down even if he'd won a round.

He Lived with Indians

In late December of that year, Captain R. C. Van Zandt returned to his ranch, near Woodell's. Van Zandt was regarded as an excellent hunter, with either-bow or gun. As a boy, he'd lived long stretches on Comanche, Kiowa and Osage reservations near his Texas home. He'd learned from the Indians how to hunt with great patience—and how to live with the land.

Although he was a member of one of the best known and wealthiest Texas families, he had always shunned his high-born role in society. In 1912, at the age of 17, he had run away from school to take part in the Mexican Revolution.

In 46 years, he had been primarily a hunter. He had gone after wild horses in Montana and in the Big Bend country. He had been an infantry officer in the AEF and a Texas Ranger. He had spent many years as a hunter in Africa and Mexico and as a deep-sea fisherman around the world.

When Captain Van Zandt heard about El Twisted Foot, he was anxious to start up a new search. Old Mexican custom calls for ranchers to help each other hunt beasts that kill domestic animals. At that time, there was a strong rumor that the cruel jaguar was tracking along the northern boundaries of Represo Ranch.

Natives told how the jaguar had been murdering with greater frequency than ever. He was striking about once every two nights and had made a daring venture into a Yucca village, where he had pounced on and killed an entire family.

Van Zandt went over to Represo Ranch, which is built

on a volcanic depression and is owned by Senator Aleja Bey. The Senator welcomed the Captain effusively, telling him that the jaguar was killing his cattle almost nightly, but rarely touching them for food.

He gave Van Zandt a cowboy guide for the stony northern areas of the ranch. For the hunters' food, there would be the vacas. That is the usual ranch owner's offer to a hunting friend, allowing him to kill a ranch cow for beef, while stalking out wild prey.

Van Zandt spent two days moving north, trying to cut a sign on the elusive cat. Once his trail was picked up, they tracked him for three more days. Three times they came close.

First it was near a thicket of bamboo trees, along a shallow, splashing creek. El Tigre, unlike lion, like to frolic and swim in water. Then it was in a clump of giant cat claws that slowed them down because of the jutting thorns. Once they came within a few feet of him, but he darted into a forest of brambly mesquite before Van Zandt could get into good position for his single-action Colt .45.

A shot at El Tigre had to count. Wounded, jaguars are turned into maddened beasts who can easily kill their hunters. Only a perfect shot could be made.

El Tigre led them, on the last day, through grotesque and jagged volcanic rock formations. They lost him on the edge of the angular *Sierra Libros* range. As they turned away, his screaming calls echoed and screeched along the stony hills.

As years went by, stories of the killing cripple increased. On every ranch and in every village throughout northern Mexico, he was a main topic of conversation.

Captain Van Zandt, shutting his business between Texas and his Mexican ranch, spent many days each year looking for a sign of El Twisted Foot. The jaguar's murderous pace was increased to at least one victim a night. And, since his greatest pursuant tormentor was the Captain, he selected the Captain as a personal enemy.

One time, Van Zandt had just purchased a black hound for \$1,000, when El Tigre jumped the dog and chewed his head completely off. El Tigre clawed and chewed nine other dogs to death at the same time. He had grown into a maniacal killer, brutally slaying animals for the simple lust of blood.

On another occasion, when the Captain was leading a group of bear hunters, the crippled jaguar crept softly behind the party's camp at night, to where there was a cluster of cattle.

The men awoke to the sound of the frightened animals.

EL TIGRE

Yaguara was the name the Indians first gave to the vicious, cunning member of the cat family that roams Central and South America. Like the leopard, the jaguar is yellow-furred with black spotting. He has been found as far south as Patagonia and as far north as Texas. More ferocious than a mountain lion, more lithe than a Bengal tiger, the jaguar is the most difficult to hunt of all big game in the Western hemisphere. Captain R. C. Van Zandt estimates that the El Tigre of this article stands about 28 inches at the shoulder and weighs 350 pounds or more.

But when they got to the scene, bright moonlight showed them the bent tracks that had led to sleeping cattle. On the ground were three dead steers. The rest had stampeded. One steer's tongue had been yanked from his mouth and was lying a few feet from him. The two others were ripped open.

And, for the rest of that night, as if laughing at the Captain, El Tigre moved about a far-flung perimeter of the camp. He howled a freakish scream that taunted the hunters and shattered their sleep.

Every time the Captain went after the crazed jaguar, the animal seemed to take delight in jeering at his stalker. And this El Tigre was the one jaguar that Captain Van Zandt never had to call up with his hunting horn. El Tigre was always waiting for him.

Van Zandt is one of the few *gringo* hunters in the world who can handle the dangerous horn. Among Mexican Indians, only the bravest men dare call up the jaguar with the *calavasa* gourd. The Captain uses a steer horn with deer skin stretched tightly over a bored opening. Exact roaring, shrieking sounds of the jaguar can be duplicated. Both male and female will answer it and often several of them will approach the horn sounder at one time.

Never Hunted El Tigre at Night

Never calling up El Twisted Foot Tigre with the horn, Van Zandt was also careful never to search him out at night, because of the beast's cunning ability to strike from seclusion. But the Captain has used his flashlight and pistol to bag others.

Once he called up one on a jungle path and then waited in a natural rock ditch at the side of the trail. The jaguar came up from behind in the darkness, leaped over the ditch and landed two feet in front of Van Zandt. The Captain shot twice at the animal, as it twisted and sprang at him. The cat landed on his shoulders—dead.

But despite the *gringo* hunter's deadly aim on all other foes, the crippled Tigre of Occidente Sonora eluded him for nine years.

A couple of years ago, by the time El Tigre had become known as the most fanatical killer in native memories, Captain Van Zandt decided to end the threat for all time. He set out with a ranching neighbor, Chico Ramos, for the fringe of the black grass and cactus jungles of Baca Tete, some 150 miles south from where the Captain had first cut sign on El Tigre. Ramos, like other ranchers of Sonora, had lost a number of sheep and cattle to the blood-lusting jaguar.

He and El Capitán rode their horses to where El Twisted Foot was last seen by frightened natives. They kept little equipment with them for this search. There were to be just the two of them, so they didn't bother with the usual bedding and cooking gear.

Their horses, thoroughbred brindles trained for such a hunt, were typically Mexican in cast. They were descended from North American quarter-horse breeds but were bred taller than Texas cutting horses. This was done so their nostrils would carry above tall mesquite and grama grass.

They rode out into the jungle with Captain Van Zandt carefully cutting the sign. He usually went ahead to pick up the animal tracks, even though most hunters alternate



A LUST TO KILL, NOT HUNGER, MOTIVATES EL TIGRE

sign cutting with each day. He followed his own methods.

Ramos, now in his seventies, is a perfect hunter but he has a marked weakness on the trail. He can't stand to punish or swear at errant dogs. The lead rider, who cuts sign, must also be a harsh master of the dogs who often stray after deer tracks.

When he watches Van Zandt or Les Woodell snap angrily at the hounds, Ramos sits erectly and silently in his saddle, as tears roll crookedly down his brown, lined cheeks. When he must swear, because he knows the Captain is watching, Chico Ramos will say softly, almost inaudibly:

"Hey, puppy. Here, puppy. Sonabeechi, puppy. Godda damn, puppy. Here, puppy. Hey!"

But Senor Ramos has been hunting animals in wild jungle since before the turn of the century. He is a part of the great wilderness that Sonora contains in its mysterious boundaries. He has always been the Captain's best hunting *compadre*.

The first day of their hunt was spent trying to pick up a sign. The five dogs moved slowly through, wicked, piercing cactus brush. Jaguars, lion and mule deer run through lowland desert and jungles there, unlike in the United States, where they take to the hills.

Once, during that first day, the hunters passed by a clearing of low-hanging cliffs. The two men had to stop and beat off a pack of jabbering *coati mundis* who leaped from stony caves to the backs of the dogs. They clung to the hounds tenaciously, trying to bite their ambushed quarry.

Ramos and the Captain swung at them with machete blades and pulled them from the dogs. Despite the bruises left on the hounds, a *coati mundi* group was a good find. It meant El Tigre was probably close by. They are prized food for jaguars, even though the strange monkey mimics are hated by the Indians and the dogs. Mexican legend was repeated by Chico Ramos:

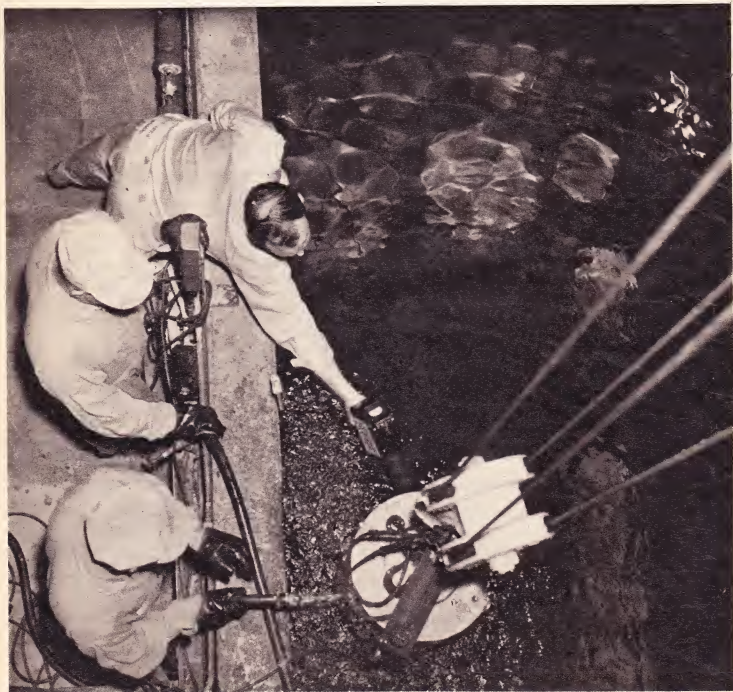
"When God made the coon, the cat and the monkey, He had a little left over. So we have a *coati mundi*."

Moving slowly through the engulfing cactus jungles, the two hunters made no headway in cutting a sign on their enemy that first day. Their camp fire at night was set in a clearing. They rolled their chaps and saddle blankets into soft pillows. (Continued on page 91)

A REAL EXCLUSIVE

Our Silent Mystery Weapon:

DEATH



WORKERS RAISE BUCKETFUL OF ACTIVATED URANIUM SLUGS FROM WATERY STOREROOM UNDER OAK RIDGE ATOMIC PILE

SAND

*Here's the first news of Radiological Warfare
and the deadly substance that can win a war for us*

by J. Alvin Kugelmass

EARLY IN JULY of 1951, an Army Public Information Officer attending a routine press session of the Atomic Energy Commission rose to his feet during the routine question-and-answer period and, with several poorly chosen words, put an end to his career in military public relations. His curiosity was commendable but he should have known better.

This is the question he asked: "Say, what's all this I hear about RW, the new atomic sand?" Immediately, the chairman of the press session disbanded the meeting. Immediately, too, the wire services, the top Washington newsmen, science reporters and correspondents from major newspapers abroad began to badger the A.E.C. for dope on what the PIO let slip. But the A.E.C. clammed up. The A.E.C. has stayed clammed up. Silence reigns supreme.

At regular intervals, Corbin Allardice and Grace Wells, top Information specialists of the A.E.C., are hounded for data on RW. If they know anything, they are not saying anything. RW, to them, is not to be mentioned. For them it just doesn't exist.

However, RW and its offshot, death sand, is a very real thing. It is being manufactured. It is possible of delivery to an enemy and has actually been delivered experimentally in a remote area.

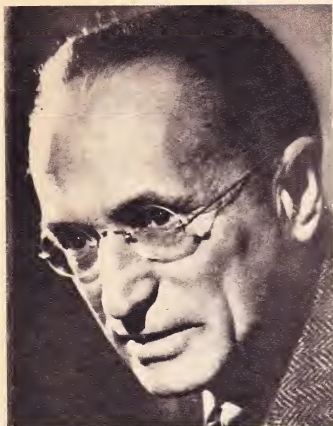
This is the first news of RW and death sand: how it came to be made and how it is made; how it works, how it kills, and perhaps how it can win a war, if needs be, at horrible cost in human life.

Death sand, already perfected by the Atomic Energy Commission, is an invisible dust of radioactive particles which can spread over cities of the earth and kill populations by radioactivity—and without the noisy warning of the atomic bomb.

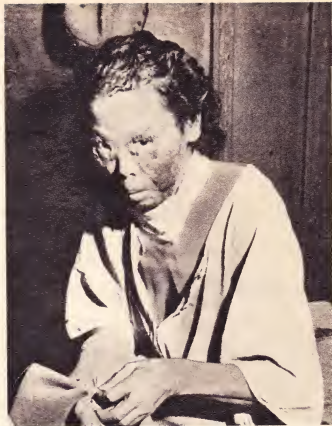
It can be delivered by planes which can sow the death as



"PROBING" PLANT AREA FOR RADIATION



DR. HANS THIRRING. Austrian physicist now with A.E.C., first suggested using our atomic waste as a radioactive dust.



HERE'S WHAT a victim of the radioactive dust might look like if she survived—her burns showing marked reddish cast.

simply as the flying crop dusters of the Great Plains.

It can be delivered in liquid form into drinking water reservoirs and upon fields where crops are about to be picked.

It can be delivered by guided missiles which will be guided so that they will be shot down. When they are shot down, they will disperse what they carry within themselves.

A person in an area poisoned by the death sand has no way of knowing that he is in danger—not by his senses of smell, touch, sight or sound.

Within a few days, perhaps in a matter of 36 hours, before he knows that he is in danger, he will die. He may save himself by fleeing the area but the chances are he won't, simply because of his unawareness.

U. S. military forces, knowing in advance how long radioactivity will last, can enter the contaminated area and take it at will.

Here is the first news on how RW came about:

RW, or Radiological Warfare, came to pass when, for the first time in its existence, the Atomic Energy Commission was embarrassed. It was embarrassed because, though it was looked upon as a sure-footed agency of scientific warfare, it just didn't know what to do with what it consumed, digested and excreted. In plain language, the A.E.C. had no scientific toilet in which to lodge its scientific wastes.

By 1947, the thing became a problem of major importance as the atomic stockpile grew. For out of the piles came radioactive substances which should be flushed

down the drain and away from people who might be harmed. But where?

The rivers and streams would become polluted and highly radioactive. The waste matter could not be burned as atomic garbage. What to do with it?

Someone came along and suggested that the waste matter be utilized as a war weapon. Someone asked how. And someone else came along to suggest how. The last someone was Dr. Hans Thirring, an Austrian physicist now working for the A.E.C. Since 1945, Dr. Thirring had been wondering how atomic wastes could be dissipated or used.

In 1948, he wrote a memorandum which in theory sounded both impossible to the experts and terrifying.

Debris Emits Death Rays

What he proposed, in effect, was a utilization of the waste matter as a radioactive dust. He said that, according to his computations, radioactive death sands could be manufactured out of the atomic debris. He proposed that the A.E.C. order the collection of the waste of smashed uranium atoms from atomic furnaces in which fissionable material was being burned.

About a dozen of the elements of the debris would be useful in warfare, Dr. Thirring wrote. These useful elements, he pointed out, emit beta rays (electrons) or gamma rays of substantial energy. About half the rays would disintegrate in from a week to a year, he added. The "half life" they have, he said, could be computed most easily in advance.



SCIENTISTS armed with Geiger counters re-survey Bikini Atoll to determine long range effects of the atom bomb tests.

This memorandum sat on someone's desk in Washington for quite a while. It was an embarrassing memorandum, for it posed on paper two difficult questions: How to separate the valuable beta and gamma destructive rays from its dead fellows; and how to deliver the beta and gamma destructive rays to an enemy without harming the delivery boys.

In 1949, Dr. Thirring came up with a second memorandum. This memo told how the useful rays could be taken away from the useless ones and poured into a death package. The death sand, he wrote, is prepared by drying fission-product salt solutions on sand or metal powder.

"The sand and metal powder," Dr. Thirring said, "is the lightest and most transportable of all weapons of mass destruction."

He added that a highly deadly layer on the surface of the ground would weigh only 12 milligrams per square meter, would be highly invisible, and would kill.

Following this memorandum, Dr. Louis N. Ridenour, Dean of the University of Illinois Graduate School, estimated that enough radioactive fission products are produced each month at the United States Atomic Energy Commission plant at Hanford, Washington, to contaminate 144 square miles, or about six times the area of Manhattan Island in New York City.

Later, Dr. Thirring said that iodine and barium, unlike cerium and cesium which have half lives of hundreds and thousands of years of radioactivity, are the two elements upon which the sand or metal particles should be poured. In this report marking an important step forward,



GUIDED MISSILE like this, tested at White Sands Proving Grounds, may be safely used to spread atomic sand undetected.

DEATH SAND CONTINUED

he stated that iodine and barium have dangerous amounts of radioactivity which last a matter of days or less when they come from the atomic furnaces. When sand or metal particles are dribbled upon them, and readings are taken with sensitive counters, the death rays implicit within them can be gauged to the hour.

Late in 1949, Dr. George G. Brown, Director of A.E.C.'s Engineering Division, which was given the job of finding out how the fissionable waste could be safely delivered, said cautiously, "It is difficult, but possible to work out."

Soon thereafter, following the *faux* pas made by the Army PIO man, the A.E.C. gave the following hint in a special report to Congress:

"Studies on the feasibility of radiological substances as a method of warfare are being continued."

The Defense Department, during the same period, had this to say: "RW is an outgrowth of atomic energy. The objective of this form of warfare would be to make a given area untenable through the presence of radioactive particles called RW agents."

"However, at this time, RW is a mystery weapon and could cause panic."

In July of this year, a British plane dropped five tons of atomic sand in a classified area. Chances are that this was done in Australia. And chances are, too, that hundreds of animals in the area were tested after a classified number of days.

Following the experimental flight, a Department of the Army bulletin briefed commanding officers on several of the results. These results, carefully edited, were re-

printed in "Officers Call," a monthly publication issued for Army officers.

It appeared that a way had been found to deliver the atomic death sand without harming the carriers. Time was, the report said, when the shielding devices about the leaden containers could have caused more destruction to the enemy by being dropped than the sand itself. This was by way of being a feeble joke to indicate that the lead shieldings that were being used were terribly heavy.

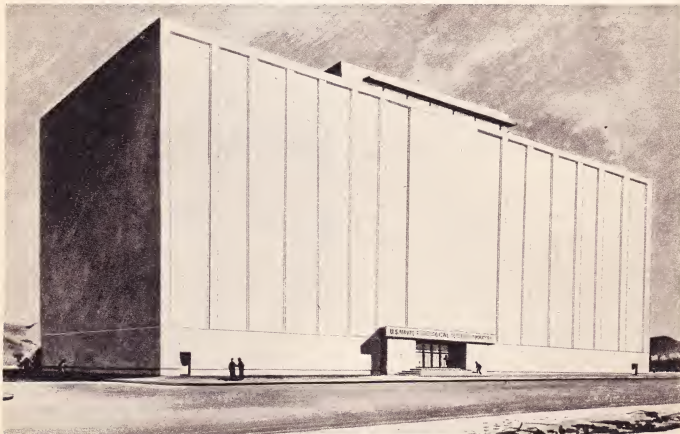
New Protective Device Found

Apparently, a new protective device has been found to render pilots and navigators immune to the death sands. Apparently, too, from another recent report to Congress on guided missiles, one of the reasons for the speedy development of the missiles is that they can be used as safe distributive agencies of the sand. "Our guided missiles," the report stated, "can now bear with them agencies of atomic warfare which cannot be heard or detected by sophisticated defenses."

This is a careful way of saying that RW is now an actuality.

Pentagon strategists, however, do not look upon RW as a weapon against troops, but rather as a weapon against sources of production in Soviet cities and in Soviet industrial complexes.

The beauty and the horror of RW is that Russians will not know whether or not to shoot down a hovering balloon, rocket, plane or guided missile. If they don't shoot it down, it becomes a possible detonation force



NAVY'S NEW RADIOLOGICAL DEFENSE LAB NOW BEING BUILT IN SAN FRANCISCO WILL LOOK LIKE THIS UPON COMPLETION

which will explode a factory. If they do shoot it down, it will become a radioactive force of tremendous menace if it loosens radioactive death sands.

Thus, the news of RW, spread abroad, becomes a psychological as well as a real weapon of destruction. To shoot may mean to court death or abandonment of a factory. Not to shoot may mean destruction of a factory or a city if the overhead weapon carries radioactive particles. The dilemma can not be resolved. Either way, the appearance of the missile means trouble of a fatal order and the end result is six of one or a half dozen of the other.

Another use of the death sand is the combination of the radioactivity with the new techniques in rainmaking. When clouds are sown with certain particles, for the most part, rain falls. And if clouds over the Russian terrain are sown with radioactive sand, the havoc below, especially if accompanied by winds, will be overwhelmingly devastating.

The famous Smythe report to the A.E.C. raised the question of cloud-borne death as a "particularly vicious form of overhead death landing gently and unnoticeably upon the surface of the earth."

Already, in miniature, this has been tested at the Argonne National Laboratory. There, Dr. Richard Abrahms and a staff of atomic scientists erected a facsimile of a typical battlefield terrain. Over it, by using perfume atomizers and insect spray guns, they sent puffs of death sand into the air. The entire operation was performed inside of a leaden case into which thick panes of glass had been set.

As the radioactive particles floated on high and bounced against the top of the case, several rats were released into the chamber.

The rats, which had been conditioned to all forms of skin irritants and to pungent-smelling chemicals, showed no alarm. Apparently, the radioactive particles didn't in the least bother either their skin or sense of smell.

Dead Within 15 Hours

The rats scurried about normally, apparently unaware of danger. Within the space of five hours, however, the first put his head down between his paws and sank into a coma. Within 15 hours, all were dead.

Within 48 hours, the case was declared clear of contamination and the rats themselves, which had absorbed radiation, were free of menacing radioactivity. The tests were held to determine not whether radioactivity would kill the rats but to see whether the radioactive particles would lose their radiation within a definite time as calculated by the counters. They did and never was the prediction more than a few minutes off.

At this writing, the Defense Department probably has enough atomic sand, constantly replenished, to render uninhabitable an area of some 2,000 square miles. This is predicated upon the guesses of how much atomic waste is turned out each month at the two known plants in continental United States operated by the A.E.C.

To this must be added the waste matter from the atomic plants in Canada, England, France and The Netherlands. For under the Atlantic Treaty, almost all by-products from atomic energy plans must be (Continued on page 87)



RADIATION suit devised by two Chicago women has been called "best yet" by nuclear experts. It will cost about \$70.



RADIOACTIVE ship affected by nuclear explosions at Bikini is object of decontamination studies by atomic-defense experts.



My Ordeal as Mister America

DIG ME . . . I'm twenty-six. One-ninety pounds. Five-eleven. A red-blooded guy, I like to tell myself. Football in college. Navigator, then pilot in the Navy during the war, flying off carriers in the Solomons. At home, bar-bells under the bed. Bar-bells put to frequent use.

But on a pleasant Sunday in early September I'm one of some 5,000 people sitting in a vast auditorium cooled by ocean breezes. I'm looking at six exceptionally pretty girls, attired in skimpy bathing suits, as they parade up and down a ramp jutting out into the audience. I watch raptly, enjoying the scenery, until the judges finally reach a decision. They signal it by holding a big silver trophy over the head of one beautiful girl.

People go wild. They clap, cheer, whistle. All eyes are fixed on the happy, delicious dame who's won. All eyes but mine, that is. I don't look at her. Instead, my eyes swivel around to a group of seats marked Hubby's Section. There, I fix on a guy who claps hand to forehead as if he can't believe what happened. Then as if shot by springs, he leaps on the ramp and runs down to grab the girl and kiss her.

People shout, clap and whistle louder. Still not me, though. I haven't taken my eyes off the guy and I'm thinking, "The poor son-of-a-gun. He's got no idea what's in for him now."

I do, though. Year before, I was the guy who smacked his brow and rushed down the ramp to kiss the girl. Only I didn't move as fast as this fellow. Not that I wasn't happy over my wife being chosen Mrs. America. But progress was somewhat impeded by the fact that in my arms I held our son Craig, age 2.

Until then, Craig and I had

a swell father-son relationship. I took care of him on occasion, as a father should. Took him out once in awhile and did the right things. But still he had always been my wife's responsibility. Now for two days at Asbury Park he'd been mine alone, and the kid was sick of me. I'd taken him on merry-go-rounds, to the beach, and bought him taffy. But all he said was, "I want Mommy."

Well, now he had her. Only she was sitting on a gilt Mrs. America throne with about 50 photographers shouting instructions about how best to display her shapely figure. She had time for a split-second kiss when we reached her. But no more. Quickly we were elbowed to the outskirts of the crowd and no one paid us the slightest attention. Craig didn't like it and began to cry. Someone shushed him. He cried more. I could see it was no place for us, so I hauled him out to the boardwalk. As we went, someone spotted us, pointed a finger and said,

"There goes Mister America."

Yes, I was Mister America for the year 1951-2. And I'll tell you, it's not a bad spot, but not a good one either. I can't deny that, now that it's over, I'm glad. There are times when you almost burst your skin with pride, thinking: "That beautiful blonde up there is my wife." Other times you feel like a bookkeeper married to a movie star. People don't mean to shove you aside, forget you, or wish you'd go away.

They don't mean to, just do.

At first, you're sensitive. You feel as if your skin had been turned inside out. You react to things in ways you shouldn't. Naturally, after my wife was crowned Mrs. America, a lot of silly stories about us appeared in newspapers. One said I'd forbidden her to appear in the white bathing suit she wore when chosen



MAYNARD DUNCAN was all smiles when wife, Penny, was crowned Mrs. America but son saw trouble ahead.

*So you envy the guy who's married
to the most beautiful missus of the year?
Take it from me, chums, I wouldn't
want to live through that again*

by Maynard Duncan

as told to Allen Churchill

Mrs. New York City, that I'd made her wear a more modest black one.

It made me boil. Forbidden, hell! I hadn't even been asked!

Another story said Penny had been accused of wearing falsies and that I had drawn myself to full height and answered, "Believe me, any story about my wife wearing such silly things as falsies is just plain ridiculous."

I look at that today and it doesn't seem so terrible. But believe it or not, friends had to restrain me from depositing Craig with them and heading downtown to the newspaper office to beat up that reporter.

By the time Penny was crowned Mrs. America we had been married four years and I should have been accustomed to the things that happen to fellows with beautiful wives.

Some you wouldn't believe. There's a certain type with flashy clothes and a lot of money who seems to think that any good-looking girl is in the public domain. He walks over to your table, sits between you and the girl and tries to date her. "You're too good for this jerk," his arrogant attitude says. "You'd have more fun with me." Even when informed the jerk is her husband, he keeps on. Until he's smacked down, of course—but hard!

It Looked Discouraging

Truth is, her lovely looks almost kept me from marrying Penny. I was discharged from the Navy in 1947. I was in Miami and, to assist the tapering-off process, took a job as singing waiter in a place called Zissen's Bowery. (I'd sung around there while in the service and they told me, if you ever need a job when you're out . . .)

One night Penny came in with the wife of one of the musicians. She was 18, down from New York on vacation, and I went after her like a bee for honey. We had all the dates I could manage, but it seemed to me I was making no headway at all.

Walking home after one of these dates, I said to myself, "That girl has all kinds of men flocking after her. She doesn't need you. Besides, you don't rate her. She's far too good looking for a guy like you."

So I stopped calling and—miracle of miracles—she

THIS PHOTO of sea-side scenery, displaying Penny Duncan's eye-filling proportions, started her on way to coveted title. ▶





CHRISTMAS EVE Penny officiated at a for-men-only sale in New Haven instead of being home filling Xmas stockings.

called me! Right away fast we had another date. This one was different. As I kissed her on her mother's doorstep that night, I said, "I think two people have fallen in love."

She nodded. She thought so, too. . . .

Six weeks later it was Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Duncan, and I began learning the good parts of having a beautiful wife. One is that the neighbors take such pride in her. They go out of their way to be nice, and do things like bringing friends around to meet her. It was even a neighbor who started Penny toward Mrs. America. We live on the west side of New York City, across the Hudson from Palisades Park. One day the neighbor said to Penny, "Why don't you enter the Mrs. New York City contest over there? You have some beautiful photographs."

Sends the Application

Penny didn't think enough of it to mention it to me. But the neighbor went ahead. "I sent for an application blank," she told Penny a few days later.

She had, too. When it came she gave it to Penny, who showed it to me. Now let's face it, we needed money. I was—and am—a student of singing. Talent-wise, I want to be a singer as much like Mario Lanza as possible. After marriage, I studied singing at the University of Miami. Then we went to Cincinnati, so I could study at the Conservatory. Now I was at the Manhattan School of Music. Moving around so much cost us plenty. So did Craig. The after-school jobs I worked at didn't bring in much. The Mrs. America application promised \$7,500 in prizes to the winner. That looked good, mighty good. "Okay," I said, and Penny got out her pen.

It was mid-summer, and a few days later Penny got a



MRS. AMERICA signs autographs at a Boston food show, but Mr. America was eating out of cans. He lost 20 pounds in a year.

telegram telling her to appear at Palisades Park for the Mrs. New York City contest. Right then young Craig, who had been so pleasant to dandle on my knee, really began sitting there. It wasn't that Penny was so conceited that she was sure she'd win. But there was always the chance. Just in case, I'd better get used to taking care of Craig.

So he sat on my lap as we drove over to the Palisades. I held him as Penny breezed through as winner. I held him most of the next week too, for Penny was off on a whirl of luncheons and TV appearances.

Came the Mrs. America finals at Asbury Park and it was the same. Only worse. For one thing we were away from home. I minded the kid during the rehearsals and held him in my lap in the Hubby's Section while Penny took part in the contest. We got some reward, though. She waved to us each time she walked by on the ramp.

When the contestants were narrowed down to six, and it looked as if Penny could be the winner, one of the managers slipped into the chair next to me. "You know, if your wife wins, she leaves you for a month," he whispered.

My jaw fell. "Whaddyou mean?" I demanded.

He smiled grimly. "You're just like the rest of them," he informed me. "You didn't bother to read the application your wife filled out. It says that for a month after winning the contest she's our property, not yours. It also told her to bring enough clothes with her for four weeks at Asbury Park. I don't suppose she did that, either."

No, she hadn't, and after getting shoved aside by photographers and reporters, I had to drive pell-mell back to New York, with Craig asleep in the seat beside me, to pack my wife's clothes and send them to her in Reading.



PRETTY PENNY held hands with Eddie Cantor at Reading (Pa.) Fair while her husband, standing in crowd, twiddled thumbs.

Pa., where it was Mrs. America Week at the Reading Fair.

I got back from the post office limp like a rag. Too much had happened that day, too fast. But I sat down and tried to figure out how, for a month, I was going to take care of Craig, attend school and run a house. It didn't take long to figure I couldn't do it. For the first time since he'd won the honor, Mister America acted with firmness and dispatch.

Next morning I bundled Craig into the car again and drove straight to McKeesport, Pa. There I handed him to my mother. "He's yours for a month," I said. "It's the least you can do for a son who grew up to be the husband of Mrs. America."

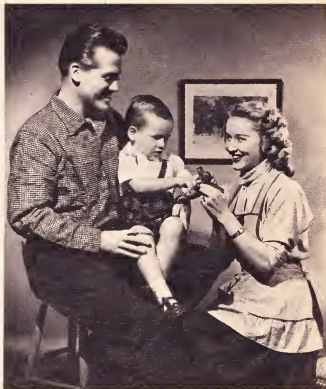
On the way back from McKeesport, I stopped off at the Reading Fair. No one, not even Penny, knew I'd be there.

I arrived in time to see her make a triumphant tour of the fair grounds. I stood in the crowd as she drove by and the fellow beside me licked his lips and gave me a nudge.

"Boy," he said, "how'd you like to be married to that."

There Wasn't Room for Me

Well, I knew the answer. Or thought I did. But after I fought my way through the crowd to Penny I learned a bit more. She was delighted to see me, and so was everyone else. Only there was no room for me around. She had every moment filled with receptions, luncheons, speeches, personal appearances. She missed me, though. One of her entourage told me that at one speech she had said, "Gee, I wish my husband was here to hold my hand—or something." And the audience howled with laughter.



ENJOYING calm after storm of year-long reign as celebrity, Penny relaxes with family. Son, Craig, seems glad it's over.

Sure, she was thinking of me. But she didn't seem to need me around. So it was back to New York for Maynard. Back to a New York that had changed.

I suppose a student of human nature might explain to me why people think anyone even remotely connected with winning a contest becomes a millionaire. When I stepped into our apartment the phone was ringing, and it rang steadily for months. People wanting to borrow money were the simplest. To them you just said, "I don't know you, why should I lend you money?" Other people had schemes they had to tell you about. Some were the most complicated get-rich ideas I ever heard. You'd think if I said rockets-to-the-moon, I'd be kidding. Only I wouldn't. One plausible and persistent fellow kept phoning to insist that I finance him in just that!

Then there were the nasty phone calls. I'd rather not mention them, but there were an awful lot. The mildest of them called me a bum for letting my wife appear in a beauty contest. The others were garbage and filth.

I had other troubles with phone calls. Nights, around midnight, I'd feel like talking to Penny. So I'd call her wherever she was appearing that week. A bored hotel operator would tell me, "Her phone's busy and there are four calls waiting."

First time that happened I nearly went nuts. "She's two-timing," I yelled at myself. "I never would have believed it, but she just needed this to turn her head and make her a playgirl."

But I hung on the phone until I got her two hours later. I began to shout and Penny began to cry. When I stopped, she did too, and said, "I've been told to be nice to everyone. No matter who calls at any time I have to be polite and cheerful, unless of course they're (Continued on page 93)

by Byron W. Dalrymple

When Winter Ghosts Run Wild

There's no better cure for a hunter's winter doldrums than a gun, a dog and a cedar swamp loaded with snowshoe hares

THE WINTER sun was bright, but crisp snow creaked as I eased my weight from one snowshoe to the other. It was close to zero. The voice of the big hound came rolling rhythmically through the tamarack and cedar tangle. It was swinging in my direction.

There was three feet of snow in the greenswamp tangle. A man without webs would wallow helplessly. A beagle hound would founder on the first jump. Even the long-eared, 80-pound larruper whose voice had caused me to slip off my right mitten and curve a forefinger around my gun trigger was having a hard time.

I knew that ahead of him somewhere a big snowshoe hare—that near-invisible, white-garbed ghost of the northern winter woods—was easing along lightly on broad, “feathered” feet. He would be skimming the surface effortlessly, slipping without sound through the coniferous maze where tracks of his kind lay so thick you could not make a single snowshoe imprint without blotting out several interlacing trails.

I was momentarily conscious of the bite of cold in my bare shooting hand. Then I saw him. Or did I? Against the jumbled background of shining white snow and dark green trees, viewed through a ground screen of scattered brush, there had been a flicker of less brilliant white. I blinked my eyes. Another ghostly, soundless flicker.

From my left, a hidden partner on another stand shouted, “Behind you! Quick!”

I wheeled. There he was! He looked a yard long as he stretched his preposterous underpinning at the sound of a voice. He bounded across the ragged opening, making 15 feet per jump. As I swung my gun, I caught another

FEATHERED FOOTPRINTS like these, on a crust of deep snow, tell a hunter he's got some great winter sport ahead.

flicker to my right. Momentarily confused, I swung back. Suddenly the woods were alive with fleeting ghosts.

The abundant hares, startled from their hiding places by the nearing sound of the dog, had drifted toward us in a regular horde. I counted six whisking in all directions around me. They raced under cedar branches that drooped to the snow. They leaped logs, ducked behind stumps and belted through brush.

Gun shots destroyed the swamp silence, the sharpness of their sounds muffled and deadened by the deep snow. My four scattered, hidden partners were shouting and shooting all at once. I swung past a stump and laced a charge of sixes through the brush as a set of long, black-tipped ears forked into bounding view. The big white hare somersaulted in mid-spring and seemed to vanish as he hit the snow. The lumbering hound came barreling right through the melee of shooting. Then his voice cut off. I heard him snuffling and panting. Someone had dropped his trail-maker.

There was satisfied laughter, the crunch of webs, the crackle of brush. Somebody tangled a snowshoe in thick stuff, fell heavily, and cussed. At last we congregated on the old tote road nearby, lugging our big bunnies. Everyone was talking at once in post-mortem, rubbing cold shooting hands, digging for cigarettes. But before a light could be struck, the big hound opened up once more.

"Here we go again," someone said. "There must be a million of 'em here."

That slice from one rugged day of fast-paced hunting on snowshoes last winter will give you a rough idea what this northern sport is like. The snowshoe hare, or "rabbit," is to my notion one of our very best game animals. The dead-of-winter sport of hunting him when he's in his prime is one of the most provocative and exciting experiences in gunning.

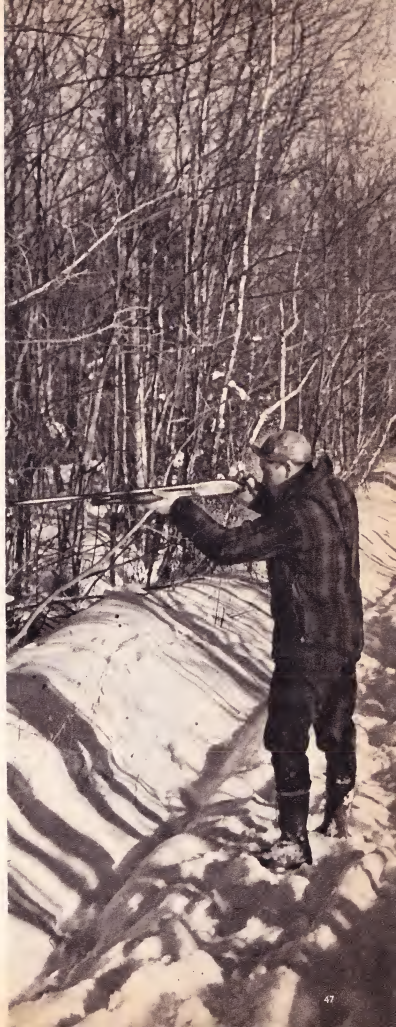
It is also one of the most curious in atmosphere. There's nothing else like it. Cottontail hunting is not even remotely comparable to it. And yet, very oddly, this game ghost of winterland, who is fabulously abundant periodically, is almost completely overlooked by the average sportsman in quest of new thrills and activities during gunning's slackest season. No sportsman should miss it.

Easy to Bag Your Limit

In my north-Michigan bailiwick, the fellow who hunts behind a fair hound, who can stay upright on a pair of webs, and who can shoot either a .22 rifle or a shotgun with reasonable accuracy can bring in a limit of big white bunnies any winter day. Like all rabbits and hares, the snowshoe has definite population cycles. These occur roughly every ten years in most areas. When the population is up, even with a long open season, the harvest of snowshoes doesn't even scratch the surface of available supply.

I could show you cedar swamps by the dozen near my home, where no one hunts in winter. Snow clogs the forest roads, prohibiting car travel. The fellow who has ambition enough to web his way in to one of these spots will be hard put to believe what he sees, for just now the population cycle in this territory is at peak. I know

WHILE HOUNDS chase snowshoe hare in circular pattern, an old road like this makes an excellent stand for shooting.



WINTER GHOSTS CONTINUED

of one small spruce and cedar bottom of no more than five acres, surrounded by open fields, where by actual count 55 hares were shot last winter, and the dogs were still bawling on trail when the season closed.

I know of dozens of larger, less accessible greenswamps where literally hundreds of these hares abound. The tracks are so thick it is almost impossible to place your open palm on the snow without touching at least one. In many spots the snow is packed hard by trampling of feeding hares, and every reachable cedar or poplar branch is eaten to the snow.

Think of the game harvest going utterly to waste here, while some of us grumble about lack of good shooting. Think of the sport waiting for sportsmen to partake of it, while we grouse about lack of opportunity.

This is not an isolated snowshoe paradise. These big hares range just as plentifully clear across the northern U.S., and on north. In many areas they do great damage when the cycle is up. They need much harder hunting, and because of their thick-stuff habitat there is little danger of their extinction, even with their periodic lows. But cold weather, and the prevalent false notion that in winter the snowshoe is not fit to eat because it feeds heavily on cedar, have discouraged many a hunter from getting in on the sport.

The cold weather, believe me, is not as bad as it seems.



HUNTERS LEAD their hounds into a Michigan swamp during a winter search for the four-footed white ghost of the North.

For years I've been wintering in the South or West. This past winter I stayed with the snowshoe hares in north Michigan. Long-handled underwear, heavy wool breeches and coat, felt boots with light rubbers over them tucked into web harnesses, plus the vigorous exercise and the low humidity of the north country, kept me warm and enthusiastic. I hunted right through until the first of February.

My wife lightly parboiled the hares I shot, put them on a rack in the roaster, scattered chopped onion and seasoning over them, and roasted them. If you can buy better meat in your butcher shop, I'll pay for it—and at today's prices, that's an offer! A day's limit of snowshoes is worth a ten-spot in your freezer. No ten spot was ever easier, or more fun, to collect. This hunting pays off.

Sport Is Better on Snowshoes

There is another angle on this sport that makes it top-billing activity for outdoorsmen in winter. That's the snowshoeing. I assume that anyone interested in hunting has a gun. He may not own a rabbit hound, but that isn't much of a problem. Landowners, where the rabbits are found, usually do, and if not, a fellow can get along nicely without one. The only other equipment he needs is a pair of webs. Of course, snowshoe hares can often be hunted when only a little snow is on the ground. But the sport is far better when you have to pick up and laydown a pair of oversized web feet.

It isn't difficult. In fact, one hour on webs will have the rankest dub trotting along with fair expertness. It's a lot of fun, a hobby in itself, and a decent pair of snowshoes costs no more than \$20. In thick tangles, the bear-paw type of snowshoe is a good bet. But beginners will probably find the Maine guide type, the long, turned-up-toe Cree type, or the Michigan shoe easier in the open and for general wear.

Snowshoes and snowshoe hares, indeed, go together like two coats of paint. The cottontail gets the publicity as our most popular game animal by annual kill, while the snowshoe hare seldom gets even honorable mention. But the fellow who wants to have a hilarious mid-winter unlimbering of his gun, say from December through February, depending on the state he chooses, should certainly get wise to the ghost of the north.

I'll never forget my first trek after snowshoes, some few years ago. Although the snowshoe is not a true rabbit, but a hare—the main difference is that hares are born open-eyed, well-furred and ready to run, while rabbits are born blind, naked and helpless—I figured that a rabbit was a rabbit and I was ready for 'em.

I started into the woods on webs. It was my first time trying to ride herd on a pair of these king-sized "feet," and that took some of my attention. By the time I had that problem licked, I had become aware that I was surrounded. I must be, I reasoned, because seemingly fresh snowshoe hare tracks were everywhere around me.

I was moving through poplars on low ridges. The white hares, I assumed, would be so well camouflaged that they could duck down anywhere here and feel safe. Any minute now I'd jump them by the score. I shuffled my way through several meandering miles of poplars. I never saw a single bunny. When I got back to the village where

I was staying, I was roundly laughed at by the native hunters.

"The snowshoes had just been feeding in the poplars the night before," they told me. "If you'd gone on into one of the cedar bottoms you'd have found them."

"I didn't see any cedar bottoms," I said.

"You didn't go far enough."

Thus I learned that the long-legged snowshoe, when hungry in mid-winter, thinks nothing of traveling far and wide to find what he wants. And I learned also the first lesson of the white-rabbit hunter: Forget tracks in open woods and find the bottomland conifer stand first. During daylight hours, and sometimes for weeks at a time if feed is plentiful, the big hares never leave them.

My next experience was trying to sneak up on 'em in the thick stuff. I dare say I traveled within a few feet of dozens of them that afternoon, and never saw a single one. A fresh track would tell where one had started as I approached. Unhurriedly, he simply hopped round and round beneath the snow-brushing conifers. I kept reasoning that surely such big fellows would make some sound when they moved, for the snowshoe averages four pounds, stands about nine inches at the shoulder, and is upwards of 20 inches in the body.

The soundlessness of this ghostly critter's movements on snow, however, is one of the curious facets of this hunting. Big white hares moving swiftly against white snow gives an eerie impression to begin with, especially in the deep, silent greenswamps which are their favorite hangouts. And when several are up at once and in intermittent sight, their motion and your own excitement give you the feeling that there ought to be a great clamor and cracking of brush—yet there is dead silence.

I got nowhere trying to sneak up on them. At times, however, as I've learned since, you will hunt on a day, and in cover, when and where the big fellows will give the lone stalker a chance. At such times, a .22 rifle is the perfect arm. In general, however, you need a good sturdy hound, or else several hunters to track them with you.

Get Your Techniques Straight

It is well to know what methods to use when several houndless hunters go together. In my section, we use two different methods, depending on how self-conscious members of the hunting party may be. If all are shy about making laughable exhibitions of themselves, we post a couple of hunters on stands, then use the rest of the party to crash the brush in a drive.

The most fun, however, can be had by electing one gent as dog for the day. He goes into the thick swamp, singles out a fresh track, starts baying like a hound, and sticks with the track. If his voice doesn't give out, he serves just as well as a hound, and in some ways better. His slow trailing keeps the rabbit just hopping a short distance in front of him, and not worried in the least.

The main trick in hunting snowshoes, however, is in choosing the site for the hunt, and then in choosing the stands. The two are pretty well tied together. For example, a fellow came to me last season all excited and told me he'd located a place where snowshoes were literally swarming. We got a party together and went out. He was right.

The drawback was that the swamp he'd found was roughly three miles long by a mile wide. And we learned all over again that day that a snowshoe isn't a cottontail. No self-respecting white hare will take to the open unless absolutely forced to do so. Neither will he ever hole up. He lives his entire life, with few minor exceptions, above ground, trusting his legs, camouflage and habitat for protection.

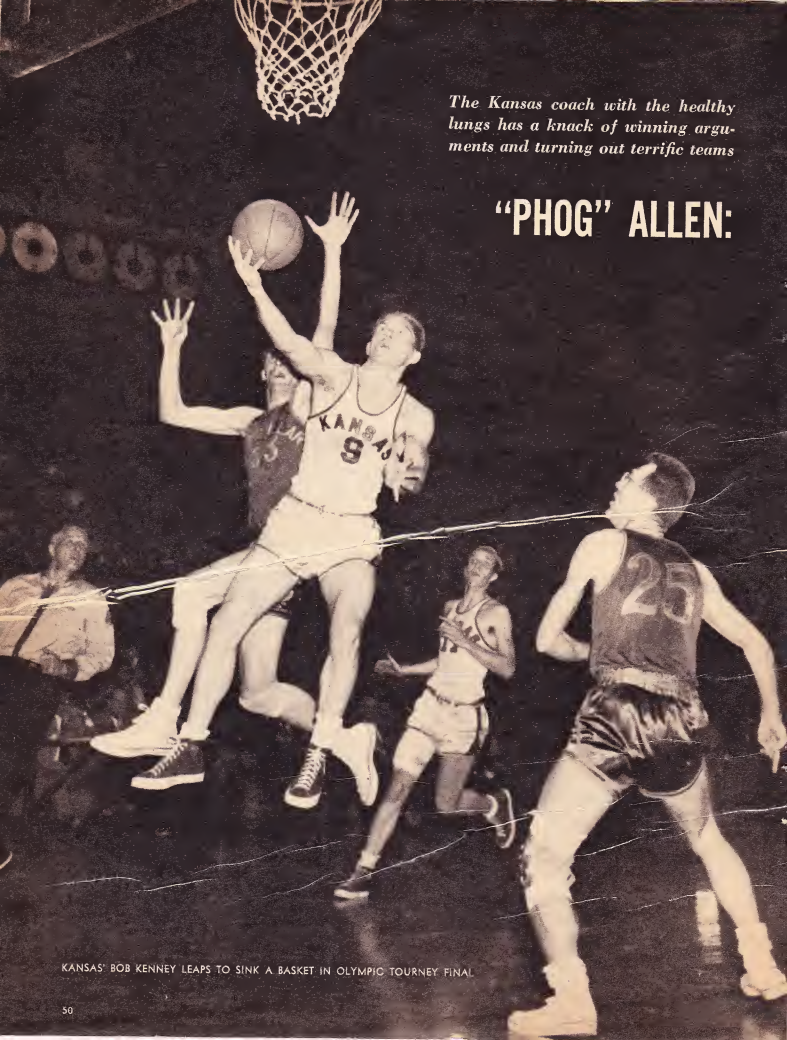
That day the dog ran until his tongue trailed the snow and his feet bled. He'd start one, run it the whole three-mile length of that swamp, bring it back in a big circle, criss-cross back and forth. Never did we so much as see his game. In big swamps like that, it's impossible as a rule to pick effective stands, unless a very large party of hunters go out together.

The perfect spot is one which matches a snowshoe village where we had some of our best shooting last season. A main road gives access to it with only a quarter-mile snowshoe trek in. A long, narrow cedar and tamarack bottoms lies in here, completely surrounded by poplar-studded hills. The bottom is cut in two places across its narrow dimensions by old log roads.

A hard-pressed hare may occasionally leave the bottom and take off like the wind across the poplar hills. But with these few exceptions they'll run round and round, up and down the protection of (Continued on page 96)



TWO SNOWSHOES deserve a third—a winter hare hangs from a pair of webs after a good day's hunt through the snow.



The Kansas coach with the healthy lungs has a knack of winning arguments and turning out terrific teams

"PHOG" ALLEN:

KANSAS' BOB KENNEY LEAPS TO SINK A BASKET IN OLYMPIC TOURNEY FINAL

BASKETBALL'S "BIG WIND"



"PHOG" ALLEN mits great center Clyde Lovellette after Olympic win.

carnival at Helsinki. The big blowup never came.

If anything, the veteran basketball coach, more familiarly known as Phog, is more articulate than ever and just as venomous in his attacks on all that has an acrid odor in amateur athletics. He has, now, an even better opportunity to snarl his criticisms, since he is in greater demand than ever before as a speaker to a wide variety of organizations.

Some weeks before the Games, the report persisted that the United States Olympic Committee intended to make a careful scrutiny of Phog Allen's credentials as assistant coach of the American basketball team. He became entitled to this position after his Kansas Jayhawkers had captured the NCAA cage title and then battled to the finals of the American Olympic championships.

The report, it developed, was more hope than reality. However, when it first was heard in the Midwest, where Phog's reputation as a remover of the hides of fans, coaches and officials is firmly established, people braced themselves. There was an uneasy silence in anticipation of the earthquake to come. Finally Phog spoke.

"I'm not going to heckle these boys (the members of the Olympic Committee)," he proclaimed. "They've got the ball deep in the back court and I'm just going to let them play around with it for a while. And if I don't get to Helsinki, it isn't going to disturb me one little bit.

"The Olympic Fathers seem to be afraid that if I go to

Helsinki I'll rile up the Russians. Well, I'm a peaceable man. I've always been a peaceable man. I would intend to have no trouble. But you can also be assured that if I go to Helsinki, I'll look out for Phog Allen and my boys. I will guarantee that neither Joe Stalin nor Vishinsky will referee any of our games."

Since neither Stalin nor Vishinsky *did* serve as referee in the games played, it is assumed that these two men were not foolhardy enough to bring down on their heads the wrath of a man who has proved to be a prophet in his profession.

It is a matter of history that Phog Allen, as an official member of the Olympic party, lent his skill and played his role as assistant basketball coach with a discretion disarming to his critics.

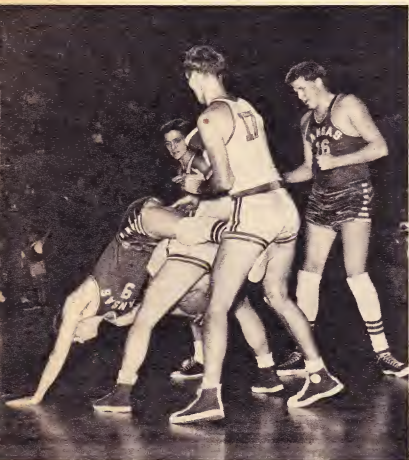
This doesn't mean he was in accord with all that transpired. His castigations of some of the Olympic officials have been vigorous since his return. But this is in line with the manner in which Phog has lived and worked. If at times in world history the prophet has been held in low esteem until his prophecies were proved, the same has been true in Phog's case. For a while nobody listened.

He Warned About Corruption

Long before the world of basketball was ripped apart by the scandals uncovered in it, Phog Allen rasped an insistent warning that all was not well in this sport. Long ago, he turned a malevolent eye upon Madison Square Garden, and upon the practice of college basketball players in New York and New England playing under assumed names in professional contests. "This is a situation which I call stinky," he reiterated time and again, "and it is a situation which is being covered up. Some day it is going to come into the open.

"In New York they have called me the Kansas Hayshaker and the Big Wind of the West—but I still say that Madison Square Garden is on its way out as a basketball center."

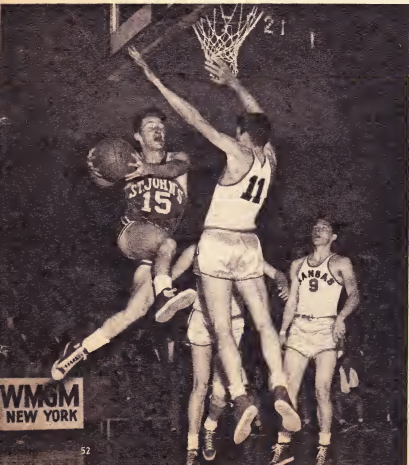
It was in 1943, Phog recalls, that he first got word of the basketball gambling scandals in the East. Two eastern



BOB KENNEY does a handstand after sailing over back of a St. John's player during game at Madison Square Garden.



CLYDE LOVELLETTE seems a little disturbed by footwork of Baylor's Derrell Davis during one of last season's games.



players told him, he says, that they had taken money from a gambler to fix a game. They told how, after taking the money, they had wanted to give it back and turn in an honest performance on the court.

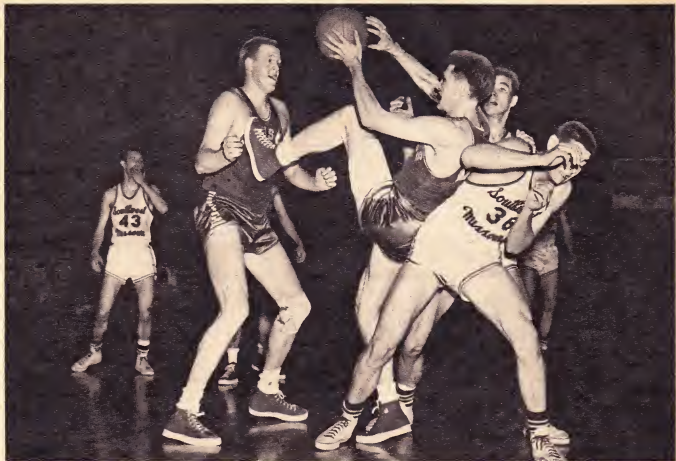
"You boys are healthy—and you want to stay healthy," they quoted the gambler as replying. According to Allen's version, the boys told the father of one of them about the money. He took them to the police where their story was repeated.

"But it was all covered up," Phog adds. "I put in a year of investigation and was sure of the facts. I learned that the 'fix' had been on in Madison Square Garden since 1935. When I was sure I let go with a blast. Ned Irish, the president of the Garden, and his crowd beat me over the head—just figuratively, of course—until it was bloody. They denied everything categorically. But I knew events would finally prove that I knew what I was talking about."

The fact that the author of an outcry against any racket is wooing unpopularity never has seemed to make any difference to this veteran coach. He has hurled his verbal lances with even greater fervor whenever the opposition has attempted to gang up on him.

Back in 1937 he began flaying the basketball rules committee for eliminating the dribble. From the first speech he made he received 160 telegrams from coaches support-

▶ **VALIANT TRY** by Bill Lienhard (11) of Kansas fails to stop St. John's Ronnie MacGilvray in finals of NCAA Tournament.



UNWILLING SUPPORT is afforded by Southwest Missouri's Bill Thomas (36) as Kansas' John Keller juggles ball after a

fast rebound during last season's Olympic trial tournament. All-American Clyde Lovellette looks on in amazed anticipation.

ing his stand. Out of this developed the National Association of Basketball Coaches.

"I told them of the high-handed and autocratic action of the rules committee," Allen says. "The coaches demanded that it be put back. We got action. The dribble was restored within two months."

Whenever he has delivered a withering blast, Phog insists it has been to erase some intolerable condition in the sport. He fired broadsides at the gambling scandals to warn other boys who might be tempted to take "easy money." He criticized the elimination of the center jump "because it turned the game into chaos."

There scarcely is a time during the cage season when Phog's name is out of the public prints. He has received all manner of threatening letters, made enemies, offended hundreds, but only once has he had to engage in physical combat. This occurred after a tight game against the University of Nebraska at Lincoln.

All through this game the coach had been pelted with apple cores. In consequence, he wasn't in a very pleasant humor when the contest was over. He was standing on the sidelines, glowering, when a Nebraska fan jumped on his back, flung his arms around Phog's head and scratched his face. The coach wheeled around with a right jab to the chin of his tall assailant, who went scooting across the



BALLET DANCER technique is used by Kansas' Charles Hoag and St. John's MacGilvray during NCAA final game last season.



HAPPY JAYHAWKS grin their approval as coach "Phog" Allen prepares to plant kiss on hard-won NCAA championship trophy.

floor. The attack wouldn't have happened had the attacker known that in his youth Phog was a boxer, known as Pug Allen. He lost his four front teeth in a boxing match at the Kansas City stockyards. The opponent hit him after the bell, he now recalls.

It may have been that his boxing developed an ailment which sent him to an osteopath, who took out the kink and influenced Allen to become an osteopath himself. Actually he is Dr. Allen, whose magic touch with athletes was indicated a few years ago when the Yankee organization sent big Johnny Mize to see him. At the time, John was having difficulty making even the feeblest throw. Phog did a repair job which resulted in the restoration of the arm to the point where John could return to the major leagues and, as the 1952 Brooklyn Dodgers will attest, continue to make himself a batting scourge.

But it has been as a voice crying in the wilderness that Phog Allen is best known, even though his prowess as a cage coach gets glowing testimony from the number of championships his teams have won.

Since the Olympic Games Phog has undergone the rigors of an incredible speaking schedule. The pattern of his speeches is somewhat the same. After the usual anecdote or two, he gets up steam and drives head-on towards some evil, calling for its prompt elimination.

Slammed at Olympic Hitchhikers

The victim may be the Amateur Athletic Union, for whose policies and practices he has utter contempt. He has called the Olympic officials "nothing more than quadrennial trans-oceanic hitchhikers. For one set of games they may be boxing officials. For four years later they go back as basketball officials of one kind or another. They get a lot of nice rides that way."

As everyone who is at all intimate with the subject knows, there is more than a grain of truth in what he says, although there is no indication that his saying so has in any way altered the situation. Even so, while there is a growing list of anti-Phog Allens, there are those who agree that were it not for a few men like Phog, conditions in college athletics would worsen. Some, who have admitted sneering at the continual outcries emanating from

the good doctor, confess that he has effected some good and that the accumulation of his shouts may in time create a much healthier program.

At 66, he has lost little of his surprising vitality. Of these years, 44 have been spent in coaching. The late Dr. James Naismith, who invented basketball, once gave Phog a plaque on which it was stated that Allen was the father of basketball.

As the father of the sport, he has usurped a right to be zealous as its guardian. He actually froths when he thinks of how the games were conducted in Helsinki, with the officials compromising because of political expediency and permitting affairs to develop which at times made a mockery of the game. He could hardly restrain himself.

Russians Used Stalling Tactics

Even so, he was struck with admiration by the manner in which the Russians so quickly seized upon a method to bring their basketball squad into the finals of the Olympic tournament. It was their intimacy with the stalling tactics made popular by Coach Henry Iba's Oklahoma Aggies that made them more formidable than they might otherwise have been.

"If they know so much about our basketball strategy in this country, how much more do you think they know about really important matters?" Dr. Allen asks.

So long as professionals masquerade as amateurs, so long as collegians are tempted by bribes, this Don Quixote of the Midwest will ride.

Last March, after the University of Kansas basketballers had swept through the NCAA ranks in the finals at Seattle, and then had returned to Kansas City to win their first round game in the Olympic championships, Coach Allen decided not to take his team on to Madison Square Garden until he was given assurance there would be at least one western official in the New York games.

Asa Bushnell, commissioner of the Eastern Conference, who had been delegated by the Olympic committee to make the refereeing assignments, said that he thought Allen had done the sport a disservice by implying he couldn't get a square deal from an official outside his own area. However, it developed Allen entertained no high opinion of Bushnell, either, and in this particular instance he enjoyed somewhat of an advantage, since his basketballers were sitting down in Kansas City, whereas they were desperately needed in New York.

Quite often Dr. Allen, who has been called the stormy petrel of college athletics, gets back to his pet theme—the need for a czar in college athletics.

"Until we get a national commissioner of intercollegiate sport we will never put a ceiling on aid for athletes," he charges. "College presidents must surrender the power they have and which they have done so little with."

Commissioners of the various conferences have been quick to fall upon Allen's proposal. They have contended that Allen is harping upon a scheme which can be much better done if left to the individual conferences. All of which doesn't bother the coach in the least.

He will go on as long as there is breath in him, striking out with both hands against real and imaginary evils, inspired by a strong conviction that there is a big job for him to do and he must do it.

END



THE DAY THE EXPERTS WEPT

THE DAY: JANUARY 1, 1934

THE PLACE: ROSE BOWL, PASADENA

ALL THROUGH the first period and halfway through the second, the two teams had slugged it out on a gridiron that was a sea of mud. Neither eleven had been able to put on a sustained advance. It was difficult to distinguish the light blue of Columbia from the maroon of Stanford, for every player was covered from helmet to cleated shoes with a rich coating of California goo.

For 48 hours before the game the vaunted California sunshine had been in retirement; a steady torrent of rain had fallen over the entire Los Angeles area. All through the game the skies opened up intermittently with a cold, penetrating drizzle.

Now Columbia, valiant "little" Columbia, outmanned and outweighed, had suddenly caught fire. With the help of a long forward pass, they had made their way down to Stanford's 17-yard line. Cliff Montgomery, nimble-brained, fleet-footed captain and quarterback of the Lions, led his men into the huddle.

His voice was hoarse as he called out the play. "This is it, fellows," he said. "KF-79. Now!"

KF-79! The secret play the Lions had kept under wraps so long; the play that they had practiced so many times in private sessions since the regular season ended and they had been chosen to play the formidable Stanford Indians in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day, 1934.

Indians Are Fooled

The players in muddy blue now lined up for the play. The center flipped the ball into the waiting hands of Cliff Montgomery, who whirled to his right and handed it to halfback Al Barabas. Montgomery wheeled a full turn, faked handing the ball to halfback Ed Brominski, then spun and plunged straight into the Stanford line.

Half of the mammoth Indian forward wall, it appeared, converged on Montgomery as he waded ahead. The other half had already pounced upon Brominski.

Al Barabas, meanwhile, had calmly concealed the ball behind his back in one hand and was trotting around the Stanford right end. Without so much as a glance at the dripping players in the scrimmage, he loped to the end

zone, crossed the goal line and touched the pigskin down. Not a solitary Stanford player had laid a hand on him!

What made the play so confusing to Stanford was the fact that this was a variation of a play Columbia had been using many times that day. Only previously, Montgomery, instead of handing the ball to Barabas, had faked such a maneuver, and had either handed the ball to Brominski or carried it himself.

Newt Wilder booted the pigskin straight between the goalposts to give Columbia a 7-0 lead at the half.

Columbia Stands Firm

Whatever Coach Tiny Thornhill told his Indians between halves, it had immediate effect as the lads came out for the third quarter. The Stanford team began a crushing attack from the opening play, spearheaded by Bobby Grayson, their 200-pound fullback.

Three times that murky afternoon, the Indians ground out yardage to approach the very threshold of the Columbia goal line—and three times they were hurled back! Once, the Indians made it, first down on the Columbia 3-yard line. Three short yards to go for a touchdown.

Backs to the wall, the magnificent Lions fought like madmen, charging low and hitting like dynamite. Grayson hit the center of the line twice and made less than a yard. Bones Hamilton tried right tackle and was thrown down with a thud. Once again Grayson hit the line and crashed into a stone wall. The ball went over to the Lions after one of the most brilliant goal-line stands in all football history.

And now the heart had gone out of the Indian attack. As the dreary afternoon drew to a close, it was not the formidable Stanford scoring machine, but the light "effete" team from the East that was completely in charge. Columbia was deep in Indian territory when the gun sounded to end the game.

Little David had beaten Goliath, not with a slingshot, but with a fighting spirit and an ingenious blackboard diagram called "KF-79."

—Harold C. Winn

Curse of the



HARPOONING the giant manta that plagued the islanders turned into a full-scale catastrophe for author and his partner.

Killing the monster of the deep seemed like a good idea, but before it was over the author wished he had listened to the natives

by Christopher Michaels

WE COULD see the lights bobbing down by the tiny harbor, and we could hear the frightened and excited shouts of the natives. Cap Harnett and I had been on our way down to the rickety dock, ready to turn into our bunks aboard our 38-foot cruiser, when we first became aware of the bedlam.

Cap chuckled and said that probably some native had got himself looplegged on rum and fallen into the water. You get used to native excitement in the West Indies, especially around the little makeshift harbors off the beaten track, where we were doing our fishing.

Nevertheless we started to hurry, because we didn't want any natives running all over our temporarily deserted boat. Just as we started walking faster, we heard an awesome churning and splashing of water and the sound of smashing timber. We broke into a dead run.

The rickety little dock was bedlam. Several men were in the water, shouting wildly for rescue. Small boats were being tossed about and ground to kindling against the sea wall. Great explosions of water were erupting in a wild melee of sound and fury. Some fabulous monster down there in the murky water seemed to be tearing the place apart. And that was literally true. The end of the dock was tilting, where pilings had been torn out.

Two fin-like appendages suddenly thrust upward through the water, like the wing tips of some awesomely immense bird. They flailed madly. Surely this must be two monstrous creatures of the deep on a rampage. But no, though the fin-like wing tips were separated by 20 feet of water, the inward curve of each indicated that both belonged to the same astonishingly huge and powerful creature. We knew instantly that it was a great manta, or devilfish.

The great manta is a ray, and the family of rays, which has many species ranging from small to immense, is a

marine family closely related to the sharks, although looking little like them. The rays are formed like giant underwater birds, their bodies greatly flattened and widened into wing-like fins at the edges, and trailing a long tail. They are ancient creatures, forerunners somewhere back in dim prehistoric time of the true fishes. Of them all, the manta is the greatest. No one knows how large the manta grows. Some have been taken with "wing spreads" of well over 20 feet and weighing over two tons!

The one which was wrecking our docking place had apparently wandered into the bay from the open sea, following a school of small fish on which mantas feed. Probably the school had taken refuge under the closely packed small boats at the dock. The monster had become entangled and had to smash his way out.

Except for the damage done, and the excitement and superstitions of the natives, who swore the manta was a curse sent upon the harbor, this would have ended the matter for us. Our own boat had been unharmed. But next morning as Cap Harnett and I started out to blue water to try for marlin, we sighted the great ray still cruising near the surface in the bay. Cap's eyes immediately got that glint in them. A hard, brave man was Cap, an incurable adventurer. I knew exactly what he was thinking, because I was suddenly filled with the same desire.

Cap cut the motor and we went down into the galley. We dug out the pair of big harpoons which Cap had fashioned himself for just such an occasion as this. We wiped grease off the 30-06 rifle, and went back up on deck and started going over our ropes. We had harpooned rays before, rays of four or five hundred pounds, and had found it quite a sport. We had never tackled anything this big, but that wasn't going to stop us.

"We'd be kings around here," Cap said, "if we could

Demon Manta

get an iron into that monster and kill him. The natives would figure we'd killed off the evil one for sure." Then he started up the motor, swung the boat around, and headed back to the smashed dock.

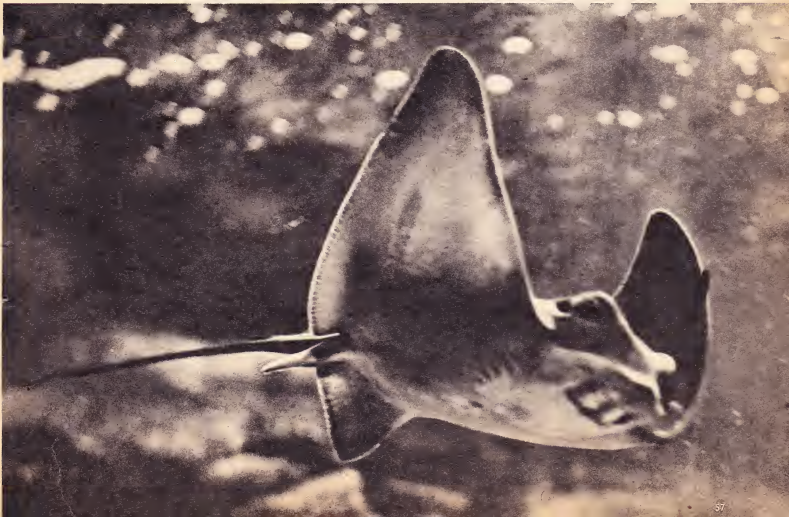
An hour later we were ready to make our try. We had got hold of a steel oil drum and had sealed it watertight. We fastened it to one end of our inch-thick manila rope, the 200 feet of which we coiled on deck where it wouldn't foul as it burned over the side. To the other end of the rope, Cap securely fixed one of his ugly, lead-weighted harpoons, and we were ready.

We persuaded two natives who appeared especially venturesome to join the expedition, and presently our boat was easing up at low throttle on our cruising quarry. The native boys were jittery. We persuaded them we were only trying to erase the curse from their harbor. You

would have to view a manta, free in the water, and at close range, to realize why our native helpers were so jumpy. Pace off 20 feet, and imagine that the distance you have just measured is the distance across the monster's back. Imagine that this creature weighs as much as, or more than, the car you drive. That will give you a rough idea.

As we approached the creature, there came a sudden frightening explosion of water, and the great manta lifted entirely from the water, rose perhaps ten feet straight up, and came down with a crash. This is a curious habit of rays in general. They appear to enjoy jumping just for the hell of it. But for a man about to plant a harpoon in one, the thrill of the sight, is overshadowed by the thought of what would happen if, harpooned, the manta decided to do this same thing (*Continued on page 94*)

THE SEA BOASTS NO WEIRDER LOOKING CREATURE THAN THE GIANT MANTA, WHOSE "WINGSPREAD" IS SOMETIMES 20 FEET



OUR TOUGHEST SHOCK TROOPS:

The Rugged Rangers

When they've weathered the roughest combat training course the Army has ever devised, these picked fighting men become our most versatile soldiers

by Robert L. Niemann



I MADE a "slide for life" down a thin cable more than a hundred feet above the ground, passing through a geyser of erupting water, with my life depending upon the strength of my hands and arms. This was but one brief moment in the training of a United States Army Ranger.

In order to understand what makes a Ranger, it's necessary to undergo his rigorous training and walk beside him on a mission. That's how I came to find myself on the perilous "slide for life"—for to write about Rangers I felt it necessary to join a class of Rangers-to-be.

The story of Army Rangers has been a record of accomplishments that would tax the imagination of such writers of swashbuckling fiction as Jack London or Jules Verne. The near impossible deeds performed by these men in World War II will long be remembered, and today, seven years after they ended a brilliant saga of adventure, the Rangers are once again part of our military forces.

Born of wartime necessity, this special fighting force of volunteers was first organized and trained by the renowned British Commandoes. Their baptism of fire came when they participated with the Canadians and British in the famous Dieppe raid. At first they were called Ameri-

can Commandoes, but it was decided later that the "Rangers" would be more appropriate, since their purpose would parallel that of Rogers' Rangers, heroes of the Revolutionary War.

The part they played in invasions throughout World War II, from Africa through Italy, Europe and the Pacific will not be forgotten soon, yet only six battalions existed at any one time during the war.

While their battle-tested counterparts are facing the enemy in Korea, new Rangers are presently being trained by The Infantry School in the swamps of Florida, in the rugged mountains of northern Georgia and in the field at Fort Benning, Georgia. The training—the toughest the Army has to offer—ranges from teaching how to live and fight in the jungle, to descending a sheer cliff with full combat equipment, and to such unexciting—but demanding—subjects as celestial navigation and evaluating combat intelligence material. Throughout the eight-week course, brain and brawn play roles of equal importance.

Take an expert infantry leader, a jungle warrior, a mountain climber and a swimmer. Merge them, then add stamina, courage, daring and valor, and you have the making of a U. S. Army Ranger. This is a tough breed;



RANGER TRAINEES HIT THE FLORIDA BEACH IN A NIGHT ASSAULT ON AN "ENEMY" JUNGLE STRONGHOLD

RUGGED RANGERS CONTINUED

subjected to seemingly insurmountable obstacles, these men draw upon their inner strength and will. Aided not only by the quality of the instruction they have received but by the quality of the instructors, they find the courage to try—and to succeed.

Despite every effort to teach the men how to overcome the physical obstacles and subdue the mental qualms, some men drop out. This does not indicate that they are not good soldiers—they must be outstanding in order to become students—but they are not entirely of the pattern that can be labeled "Ranger"!

Trying to pinpoint one phase of the training to say, "this is the toughest" is impossible. It's all the toughest.

There are no amateur soldiers taking Ranger training. To even apply for the course, each man has to prove he is in excellent physical condition, qualify as a sharp-shooter or expert with the rifle, and have had sufficient training to ensure a reasonable chance for graduation. Many have graduated from the best school of all—combat.

I arrived at Fort Benning on an evening three weeks after the Ranger course had begun. It was normal off-duty time for the students, but there wasn't a sign of inactivity. Not far off, ten men were marching with their rifles at right or left shoulder arms. I asked about them.

"They're walking off tours," I was told. I didn't understand.

"Well, if you fail to respond properly when addressed, if you have a button unbuttoned, don't shine your shoes or brass, or commit any other infraction of the rules, you get gigged," my informant said. "A tour is a 20-minute walk around that ring you see. You can get as many tours for each gig as the instructors see fit. They're walked off in the evening on the student's own time."

I wondered if all ten had been offenders. "Probably not," I was informed. "Each student has a 'Buddy' to work with him in that part of our training which requires a pair. If one gets gigged, his buddy also pulls tours. That keeps us after each other to stay on the ball."

One of the standing jokes around camp has to do with one of the students who fell out of a tree while training in the woods. His buddy came up to him and found him lying on the ground. He asked what had happened and was told, "I think I broke my leg."

"Well, don't just lie there and let 'em catch you that way, man," his buddy retorted. "Do push-ups!"

Each Man Must Measure Up

The training at Fort Benning is rugged. The Army has set a certain standard to which each man must measure up, and although the trainee may feel he cannot do it, actually the pride and courage developed during his training conquers a mental obstacle for him. He does it. The course contains an element of danger many times, but every possible safety measure is taken.

An example of this was the snake familiarization class conducted by Corporal Harold Lafferty, of Los Angeles, California. Ranger Lafferty used live snakes, both poisonous and non-poisonous, for his demonstration. As he withdrew an eight-foot Blue Indigo from a box, the immediate reaction was—it's a snake, regardless of whether it was poisonous or not! However, before the class was over, each man had handled this non-poisonous reptile



APPLYING and breaking judo holds is an important part of preliminary Ranger training at Fort Benning's Infantry School.

and had lost a portion of his fear. Lafferty gave us complete instruction as to what to do in case of snake bite.

During one of the rest periods, I learned that America's most decorated soldier of the Korean conflict was training to be a Ranger. He was M/Sgt. Anthony B. Herbert of Herminie, Pa., and was the subject of one of the students' favorite stories.

Several days before, Sergeant Herbert had been with a group throwing hand grenades at designated targets. Only two of his five throws hit the objectives. As he walked away from the area, an instructor was heard to say, "You didn't do very well, did you?" Herbert replied, "No, I guess I must be a little off today."

The instructor replied, "Yeah, but if you ever get over there in combat where it counts, you're gonna be hurting!"

Student Held 27 Decorations

It wasn't until later that the instructor learned that his student held 27 combat decorations from the United States and other UN countries! General Matthew Ridgway had personally selected Sergeant Herbert as the Outstanding Soldier in the Far East.

During the first week of my stay with the Rangers—the fourth week of training for them—we were taken to the Chattahoochee River which runs through Fort Benning. There each man made a buoyant pack of his shelter half or poncho and placed his equipment in it. Loaded, it weighed about 50 pounds.

The river itself was about 150 yards from bank to bank. However, the current was so strong that the swimmers covered an average of 250 yards before they stumbled wearily up the opposite bank.

At the end of the week, we moved to Eglin Air Force Base near Fort Walton, Florida. The Air Force has its air proving ground at Eglin. There, the Army also has established a proving ground—for humans! Auxiliary Field No. 7, 27 miles from any part of the main base, has been loaned by the Air Force. That's where the jungle and amphibious training takes place.

Immediately upon arriving in the Camp, we began



WITH BRIDGES blown in war, two-cable suspension might be only way to cross a ravine; Ranger aspirants give it a try.

classes on jungle survival. We received more snake indoctrination and were taught jungle map reading. The next afternoon we moved away from camp into the Choctawatchee National Forest. Problems were set up, objectives established and about four-thirty, the patrols entered the forests.

At a pickup point a couple of hours later, we were furnished radios, binoculars and "C" rations. Radio contact with the five patrols was made from a command post. Each patrol was accompanied by an officer and other instructors, but they made no recommendations whatever to the students. They were there to grade the reactions and decisions of the person in charge of the patrol. If the students got lost, they stayed lost until the leader figured out where they were and what to do.

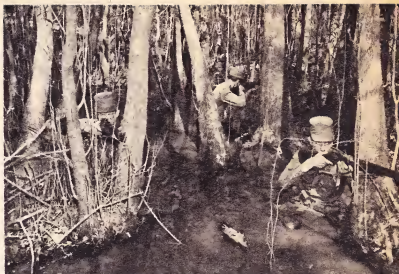
The patrols completed, we returned to camp at about midnight.

Our group was growing smaller. Some who had dropped from the course had done so because they could not continue with the training. Rangers must be tough, so it is inevitable that because many "wash out" during these rough eight weeks, a genuine pride of accomplishment should be apparent in those remaining. They were making the grade.

No Time to Relax

Two days later we were on the beach, but not for relaxation. It was for instruction in small boat techniques at Santa Rosa Sound, some 20 miles east of Pensacola. We were familiarized with the Army's two, five and ten man boats—how to inflate, launch and board them. After several hours in which each man had become the coxswain or commander of each class of boat, we moved across the sound to Santa Rosa Island. On the other side of the island was the Gulf of Mexico, and we practiced launching boats in surf much rougher than the waters of the Sound.

The problems for the next few days were to take place in the swamps. We got up at three o'clock the next morning and were at our marshalling area at five. As the sun appeared, the misty air began lifting from the eerie swamps we were about to enter. (Continued on page 84)



FLORIDA SWAMP is a great place for the would-be Rangers to learn the problems and irritations of this kind of fighting.



CREEPING UP on an unsuspecting "Aggressor" with a knife, this trainee has learned to move through woods without sound.



EXPLOSIVE CHARGES set off during various phases of the training inure the men to the sights and sounds of actual war.

FABULOUS FEMALE
BARBARA OSTERMAN



January Heat Wave

When California beaches get a bit chilly this time of year, the local boosters find a gal like Barbara and take her picture. Who's cold?







THE POOR SOUL

JACKIE GLEASON *reveals*

THE SECRET OF RAGS to RICHES

As told to Frank Rasky



THE LOUD MOUTH



RUDY, THE REPAIRMAN

REGGIE VAN GLEASON, III



THE HONEYMOONER



MY LAWYER tells me I'm on the way to being a millionaire. Yes, it's kind of nice, at the age of 35, getting \$60,000 a week from CBS-TV.

Now, I could tell you that my Horatio Alger story is all a result of a lot of hard sweat. That's what they tell you in those rags-to-riches fables. But that would be a lot of malarkey. The fact is, I've had a lot of fun making my first million, and even occasionally, got into scrapes and jams.

I've a hunch most men sympathize with the underdog who still manages to be a playboy at heart while getting along in the world. That's why they enjoyed the stage characters I used to portray, *The Show Off* and *Elmer The Great*, and why they get a kick out of my flashy TV characters, like *The Loud Mouth*, and that rake, *Reggie Van Gleason III*. So, while I'm a respectable citizen now with a wife and two daughters, I'd like to tell you how to raise merriment and a million dollars at the same time.

Rule No. 1 for the potential millionaire is: shake off the ball-and-chain of higher education as soon as possible.

In my own case, they managed to make me stick through Public School 73 in Brooklyn, but I used brain-power to escape from John Adams High School after three weeks. This was the only time I can remember, in all the time I was in school, that I had to use my head. I was then 14½ years old—too young to quit. So I paid a tall friend of mine to pose as my uncle and go talk to my principal.

"I must have Jackie at home," my uncle told the principal, as he wiped away a tear. "I need him to help us make a living. You want he should grow up a pauper?" Thus I escaped and earned my Ph.D. in pool halls and in the School of Hard Knocks.

My Clique Was My Claque

Rule No. 2 for the would-be millionaire is: always give the customers a fair shake—but also bring along your own claque.

When I was 15, I did an Amateur Night act at the old Halsey Theater on Saratoga Avenue in Brooklyn. My act was pretty lousy, so I played it safe by bringing along my whole pool hall gang as "admirers."

Naturally, they gave me a terrific hand. As a result, the theater manager was hoodwinked into hiring me as MC at three bucks a week.

I was all right, as long as I brought my claque with me. But when they were too busy to help, I had to deal with all the neighborhood tough guys who crowded into the joint. These scarfaces would scream and hoot, slash the seat covers, pull out the stuffing, and toss candy bar wrappers at me. The smarter ones would sit in the balcony—a spot from which they could take better aim while spitting beans at the performers. You might say my job was to entertain and duck.

My bobbing and weaving proved so effective that I was taken on as MC at the old Central Theater, which is now the Globe movie house on Broadway. I was in the clouds, being paid all of six bucks a



HIGH STEPPING Jackie shows what a little soft-soap can get you. Obey his Rule 5 and you'll handle three as easily as one.

night. But there I made the mistake of not rehearsing the audience. At the first Amateur Night in this new spot, a talented chap in the audience stood on his head on the balcony railing, while playing a harmonica. The management called the show off. Anyone could see he had more on the ball than the amateurs, and besides, it was too dangerous.

Rule No. 3: Stick your neck out on a job—but keep one eye peeled on the exit in case your neck should stick into a trap.

This is one of the hardest rules to learn. In touchy situations, I myself have neglected it, with disastrous results. I got the first glimmering of its meaning back in 1935, when I was playing the Miami Club in Newark, N. J.

A citizen sitting at a ringside table began to heckle me one night. I got sore, and without thinking twice, I hollered at the baiter, "Put up or shut up!"

"I'll put up," he yelled right back.

We went outside to settle things. I never knew what hit me; the guy was Tony Galento.

I learned a lot about the art of sticking my neck out cautiously during my carnival days. The night club season was slow then, and my agent pals, Willy Weber and Tony Philips, suggested I fill in by becoming an exhibition diver, daredevil driver and freak-show barker with B. Ward Beams' International Congress of Daredevils. I didn't know from beans about Beams' shows, but a quick once-over showed me I could get away with pretending to be an expert.

Exhibition diving, for example, was really quite simple when you knew the score. The 20-foot leap was a cinch,

because I'd learned how to swim at the St. George Pool and Hamilton Beach in Brooklyn. What made my skin crawl was taking the dive into a tank that appeared to be four-feet deep. But what the yokels didn't know was that the tank was much deeper than that—the steel rim around the tank hid a big hole extending far into the ground. And we never tried trick dives like the "fall-away"—going off the diving board backwards—if there was the slightest wind blowing.

My daredevil riding turned out to be more of an audience come-on than a piece of daredevilry. Before the show, I'd ride in a motorcycle down the side track with Nifty Fargo, the speed ace. Our job was to spray a shower of cinders and pebbles onto the rubbernecks who were hugging the rail. It was like a rain of meteors.

Freaks and Fakes

While the customers ran for cover, I'd cry through a megaphone, in urgent tones: "Look out, folks! Those pebbles travel at the same rate as bullets! So get your tickets and come into the grandstand, where you can watch in safety!"

As a barker on the midway, my job was to kid the crowds along, so they wouldn't realize they were being rooked. Actually, several of the freaks in the "Human Oddities Show—A Fabulous Collection of the World's Unwanted" were legitimate, but there were a good number of fakes, too.

One of the acts I touted was billed as "The Elephant Girl and The Alligator Boy—Brother and Sister of the Skin." Both really had skin diseases, which provided the gruesome, scaly effect; of course, they were unrelated. The customers flocked in while I boomed, "Come see the bizarre twins, folks, whose mother was scared by a stampede in the wilds of Africa!"

One of the worst fakes was the girl swami who ran the "Mirror of Your Mind" sideshow, though I admired her technique. An assistant would go down into the crowd and hand out cards on which the suckers would scribble whatever was on their minds. Then the guy would collect the cards, hold them up, and with a flourish drop them one by one into an opaque vase.

The crowd was amazed at the way the swami, standing on a platform above the aisle, could decipher their thoughts. What the saps didn't know was that there was a false bottom in the vase, and that the cards were slipped out of the vase and read by the swami through an opening hidden in the platform floor, above the aisle.

The crowds never raised a ruckus over these gyps, but the carnies themselves put on the most colossal "Hey, Rubel!" I've ever witnessed. One day, an elephant in our revue got out of control and wrecked one of our tents. The carnival hands, who earned \$36 a week working day and night, and who were tired of eating a diet of hot dogs and hamburgers, blew their tops when they were asked to clean up the mess. In the fight that followed, several guys were killed. Me? I had my eye on the nearest exit, and I scampered.

Rule No. 4: When in doubt about what to do, insult the guy—a fast comeback may catch your opponent with his guard down.

I developed the craft of heckling and hectoring in 1940,

when I was introduced to the Club 18 on 52nd Street in Manhattan. There probably never will be a night club like it again. This was the celebrated bistro whose three presiding geniuses, Jack White, Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers, entertained the house only with ad lib invective.

As a warm-up, the boys would circulate around the room, stop at a table, and then Harrington might crack, "Get a load of this screwy group." After firing murderous insults at them, White, the great peacemaker, would yell, "Let's go on with the stinking show!"

If Nelson Eddy were in the audience, one of the hecklers would shout, "Look! There's Jeanette McDonald!" When J. Edgar Hoover dropped around, the cry would go up, "Hey! Take a gander at this shrimp of a boy scout!"

When I began playing there, White, Harrington and Hyers greeted me with, "You'd better be funny tonight, kid." And when I went on to do my act, I found the trio sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of me—a hanging jury if ever there was one.

The fact is, my act up until then was pretty corny. I did the conventional flash impersonations—a "nyaaa" for Edward G. Robinson, a grunt for Charles Boyer, a hoarse "hot-cha-cha" for Jimmy Durante. So I decided to steal a trick from my masters and out-insult them.

On my entrance, I said to the crowd, "Let's give a great big hand for the couple at table five. They're celebrating their 40th anniversary."

Then I called for the headwaiter, who made a grand entrance with a cake covered with 40 candles. As soon as he finished his procession to table five, I grabbed the cake and heaved it out into the kitchen.

A good part of my act was devoted to egging on the drunks to heckle, and then heckling them back. To a drunk who'd yell, "My brother is funnier than you, you lug!", I'd reply, "Your brother's funnier looking, too!" To other wisecracks from the luses, I'd say, "Walk out until your hat floats, brother," or "I'm getting paid to be a

comic. What's your excuse?" The crowd just ate it up.

After getting a load of the crowd's reactions, White said to his partners, "Well, I guess the kid will do all right here." Then he and Harrington and Hyers headed for the door—only to hear me bellow after them, "Come back you cowards!" I was in.

Rule No. 5 is: If you're running around with a dame and want to get off the hook, just soft-soap her in a nice way.

I acquired this piece of know-how while I was night-clubbing around the country. Usually, I had a doll in every night club, but I was always very careful.

Do Snow-Job on Sweetie

I didn't want to hook up too closely with any of these dolls. So I'd do a big snow-job and inflate my sweetie's ego. I'd spoil her with so much attention that by the time I was ready to take off, she'd really believe she could do better with some other guy.

Sometimes, of course, this gimmick can boomerang on you. Once, when I was playing a date in Los Angeles, an actor named George Spelvin and his sidekick, Joe Dykes, took a couple of dolls out after the show. Dykes was new in town. At about 4 A.M., George drove them all to his apartment. Then, because his girl decided to go home, George left Dykes and his doll there, while George drove his own girl home.

The doll Dykes was with suddenly grew frightened in the apartment. "What do you intend doing with me here?" she asked. "Let me go. I want to go home!"

"Don't get on your high horse," Dykes told her gently. "My intentions are of the purest. I'll telephone for a cab."

But then, it occurred to Dykes that he didn't know either the street number or district where George's apartment was located. In desperation, he put through a long-distance call to George's pal, Jack Philbin, in New York.

Coming sleepily to his phone at 7 A.M., Jack must have thought he was having a bad dream when he heard Dykes yell from across the continent, "Jack, I'm at George's place. How in the hell do I get out of here?"

Unfortunately, this bit of soft-soaping didn't work out so well. The doll was so pleased by this expensive chivalry on her behalf, she tried to glue herself to him.

If you want to live long enough to become rich, follow Rule No. 6: *When you're drinking, drink like a man—because there isn't a damned thing you can do about it, but don't get swozzled.* At least when you drink, you're left with a hangover; when you gamble away your salary, you're left with no memento.

Gambling, for the guy who's on his way to a million bucks, is sure death. The only time I ever made a winning was about 1940 when I was playing a club in Las Vegas. I won \$12,000 at roulette. Hardly had I finished pocketing my loot, when I got phone calls from every girl I used to know. Each wanted to be my girl again.

The only word I have for the guy who thinks he can get rich on the horses is the formula given by Paul Hartman, the dancing clown. He owned a race horse that always won. Before every race, Paul claims, he'd whisper in the nag's ear, "Roses are red, violets are blue . . . horses that lose are made into glue!"

Anyway, chums, I hope you have a dan-dan-dandy time following my advice. I did. **END**



GLEEFUL GLEASON and producer Jack Hurdle discuss one of zany characters that gave exuberant comic his high Hooper.



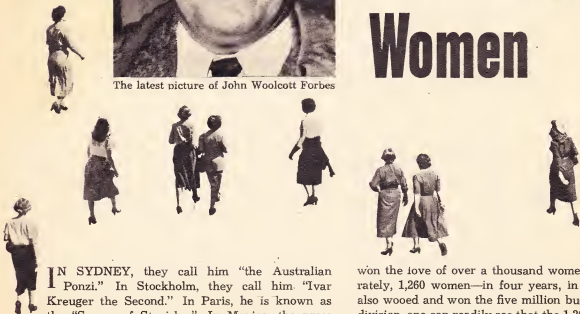
Police of 12 countries were flabbergasted by fantastic John Woolcott Forbes, who parlayed a resemblance to John Bull—and an irresistible appeal to rich ladies—into five million bucks before he was caught

by James V. King



The latest picture of John Woolcott Forbes

The Swindler Who Wooed A Thousand Women



IN SYDNEY, they call him "the Australian Ponzi." In Stockholm, they call him "Ivar Kreuger the Second." In Paris, he is known as the "Spawn of Stavisky." In Mexico, the press labeled him a "plump Pancho Villa." In the U.S., he was tagged as "Lothario," and in England, where they're more matter of fact, they refer to him as "that bloody pirate."

Each nation has its own favorite swindler, cheater, bilker and con man. But John Woolcott Forbes is beloved of the world, for he played the whole geography. Where he failed to steal more than other celebrated swindlers—he garnered only five million dollars—he more than made up for it by practicing his operations in a dozen lands and by playing just one field: Women.

Statistics show that John Woolcott Forbes wooed and

won the love of over a thousand women—or more accurately, 1,260 women—in four years, in 12 countries. He also wooed and won the five million bucks. By easy long division, one can readily see that the 1,260 must have been rich. They were. Today, they are rich in memory.

His beginnings, as is true of all artists, were humble. The son of a small farmer near Perth, Australia, he enjoyed a scanty education and left school at the age of 16 to work on an isolated sheep station on a vast Australian plain. His predecessor, a man of uncertain past, had left a hut full of financial chronicles. Studying these, John began to learn about the intricacies of high finance and marveled at the wondrous ways of making money by the use of paper.

Each month, John would ride to Perth and report on

the births and deaths of his flock, collect his pay, spend it on the usual foolishness, and go back to his lonely station and its baa-ing sheep.

It was the baa-ing that started him on his financial career, for one night the damned bleating sounds almost drove him crazy and John realized that there must be several births in progress. It wasn't long thereafter that John's flock appeared to suffer a diminution in its birth rate—on paper anyhow. John made his first financial kill by making excellent contacts with a wholesale butcher in Perth. The ranch owner thought nothing of the drop in birth rate but merely gave John instructions to change the feeding habits, a method calculated to turn the interests of the rams to their proper duties.

John, needless to say, followed these instructions to the last grain and both he and the owner did very well as the rams stepped up their amorous adventures. It would not be far-fetched to say that John learned a great deal for his experiences to come by watching the rams. And it is interesting to observe that the rams were the first and last of the male gender to be victimized by John. Thereafter, he was a ladies' man and a very busy one at that.

A Pawnbroker for Ladies

In two years, John got pretty tired of living off mutton, both gustatorily and financially, and quit with a stake of one thousand pounds. He made his way to Sydney, where he set himself up as an adviser on financial matters. Actually, he was nothing more than a pawnbroker who loaned small sums to impecunious ladies whose husbands had been drafted in World War I. It was now 1916. By the time the Australians got around to pulling John into service, he had trebled his stake and had comforted several dozen women who feared for the lives of their husbands and wept on his shoulder while they pawned.

John served in India where he saw no combat but hung around the offices of the big stockbrokers and bankers—always learning and learning. Bombay was booming and John did some slight booming himself, thus netting an additional thousand pounds.

Forbes returned to Sydney at the age of 20, possessed of some five thousand pounds, a fortune for a man his age. He had learned much in Bombay, out in the great world. He had learned that he knew very little. He had also learned two important things. One was that there was more money in the world than he had expected. And the second was that women controlled all of it—directly or indirectly.

Cannily, he obtained a job in a bank at a meager salary with the thought in mind of finding out exactly how banks operate. He put his salary down as a dead loss but considered only the educational aspects. He discovered in a few months that, while he was called a banker by his friends, he was only a minor clerk entrusted with clipping papers together. He soon saw that it would be many years, if ever, before he would be permitted into the inner councils. So he quit. This perhaps saved him from becoming a simple embezzler and thus defrauding the world of a rich story.

John finally wangled himself into the offices of a stockbroker, hoping to penetrate the mysteries of turning one pound into 50 in short order. But this, too, appeared to



LOVELY WIFE of the Lothario from Down Under patiently awaits the jury's verdict in her husband's Australian trial.

be a long row to hoe and John quit after a few months. Tens of thousands of serious-minded young men of good education, with the same view in mind, discover too late what John discovered in a twinkling: that the boys upstairs rarely permit outsiders to climb.

By this time, John was mature-looking, wore good clothes, which he found highly important, and had a robust, smiling manner. For the first time, he was told by a young lady, as he was to be told thousands of times later on, that he looked like a young John Bull, the epitome of the British Empire. He looked in the mirror, and, Lo! he found it to be true. There was the great, noble head, the rubicund countenance, the air of having just dined on a mighty roast beef, and the slight suggestion of a potbelly. All this was calculated, John saw immediately, to lend a very fundamental, trustworthy and sound appearance. A man who looked like the prototype of the Empire should capitalize on it. John did.

He persuaded Sir Isaac Isaacs, the J. P. Morgan of Australia, to give him a job selling bonds. Sir John took one look at the round, beaming face, the sincere blue eyes and the air of trustworthiness, and did not hesitate.

For the next ten years, John sold bonds with a bang. Mornings, he went out with a briefcase full of papers with dotted lines, and evenings he would tally them. He found he could sell more bonds to ladies at home than to their husbands at their offices. Wives of rich Australians liked the big kewpie doll that he was, and they loved his hearty laugh and his slightly off-color stories. They also loved the way he got slightly vulgar, for John had found that the ladies of the rich needed additional roughage in their



MAGNIFICENT HOME of the gay Australian swindler was on hilltop in elite Sydney suburb, boasted a paltry 47 rooms.

lives. You might say that at this time he was out at stud and getting handsome fees for it. But all during this period, he was legal. Strictly legal.

In 1932, John made the break and opened magnificent brokerage offices in Sydney and in Perth. He gave a party that lasted for three days and nights to mark the opening, plunged a deal of his funds into handsome wainscoting and beautiful furnishings. When he got through, especially after he had arranged for a membership on the Paris Bourse and the London Stock Exchange, he opened the doors of his two city offices stony broke and somewhat fearful.

In 1938, our hero was somewhat portly, possessed of a million pounds sterling in solid cash, of a lovely wife he had met in London, two children, and an enviable reputation as the soundest financier Down Under. Moreover, he looked not only more like John Bull, because of his added weight, but began to take on a near resemblance to Winston Churchill. There was talk of grooming John Woolcott Forbes for the Prime Ministry of Australia. Success seemed to crown his every effort.

Biggest Shindig Ever

At this time, a whole contingent of United States Naval and Army officers came to Australia to view the landscape and to survey the prospects in the event of a global war. John threw a party for them at his 47-room house on a hilltop overlooking Sydney. It is interesting to note that the house today is a museum. The party was a big enough affair to ring throughout the subcontinent as the most luxurious ever held in those parts. Society writers said that Australia would now come into its own as a playground of the international set.

One month later, John was fleeing in a chartered plane for the Asiatic mainland after bussing his wife and two girl children a hasty goodbye.

It appeared that the million sterling John had on deposit had been accrued from selling several hundreds of thousands of bonds of a very good company. The difficulty was that, while the bonds were of the finest paper available

and of the most exquisite engravings, they were forged.

John was no fool. He wasn't a simple counterfeiter. He made lots and lots of money. He had two besetting problems: he loved to live high and he was crazy about his wife. Despite the great popularity he had held with so many wives and widows, he adored his May and wished to shower her with anything within sight. Thus, John had overreached himself. For the whole previous year before the explosion, he had been buying up his phony bonds as quickly as he made the money for it. The million sterling on deposit he had refused to part with simply because he wished it to be a nest egg for his wife in the event of sudden death.

The exposure came about, as these things usually do, through a fluke. A lady in London, who had purchased several thousands of the bonds through John, had an impecunious boy friend who got into a jam. The lady gave him a hundred or so to get him out of it. The poor fellow was arrested when a sharp-eyed clerk at Barclay's Bank did not quite like the fins on the engraved dolphin swimming on the bond. He peered closer, got out a magnifying glass and compared the fins with another bond of the same company. Then the shocking revelations began.

The Lady Squawked

Events followed rapidly. The lady squawked and Scotland Yard cabled the Sydney and Melbourne police. But by this time, the lady had sent an indignant cable to John. John knew the jig was up. When he crept up the side of the chartered plane, he was wearing his best dress suit, had a packet of roast beef sandwiches and about one thousand pounds.

No one has been able to trace John's activities in Singapore. Presumably they were of the penny ante variety, for when John showed up in Warsaw, not many days before the Hitler invasion of Poland, he was posing as an Englishman who had come to find out how many guns, tanks and planes the Poles needed to stay the Nazis from their door. He explained his penurious condition by saying that he had made a hurried flight from London in view of the emergency.

His John Bull visage stood him in excellent stead for he soon was aboard the last plane from Warsaw and possessed of a diplomatic passport which permitted him to return to his native Britain. He was going under his own name and he was carrying a draft on Barclay's Bank for perhaps the last official financial order issued by the free Polish Government. The draft was a token of a down payment on a vast order for war material, and it amounted to some two thousand pounds. Forbes had explained to the grateful and harried Poles that the British were very business conscious people who would like to see some money on the line, no matter how little. The Poles, having had many dealings with the Chamberlain Government, understood and gave Forbes the draft without hesitation and bade him Godspeed.

In London, John cashed the draft without difficulty though his name was in all the British newspapers, despite the hurly-burly of the impending war. Clerks make crime easy.

In one of the better hotels, the Park Lane, Forbes ordered up a bottle of scotch (Continued on page 86)

SNAKES DESERVE BREAKS

by Ray Nelson*

Silly slander and abuse are the lot of the lowly snake, who's really a fine character



"GET OUT of here, you blankety-blank milk snake!" Our Uncle Joe's hired man flailed frantically away at what looked to us like a sinister reptile, punctuating his efforts with a string of oaths that should have reddened our ten-year-old ears. They didn't, though, because we didn't understand them, any more than we could understand this raging transformation of an otherwise laconic and thoroughly phlegmatic son of the soil.

Finally, convinced that the snake had fled the premises, the hired man leaned against the fence to catch his breath. He said to us between gasps, "If you ever see one of them milk snakes around here, you give him good, just like I did." Then he proceeded to give us the criminal background of milk snakes which, he said, slithered into the barn in the dead of night, affixed themselves to a cow's teats, and drained them dry by milking time.

We're not quite so credulous as we were at the age of ten. We know now that a milk snake does no such thing, and that if a cow goes dry it's for quite an udder reason.

Snakes aren't nearly as dangerous as automobiles. Fewer than 150 people a year die from snake bite in this country, while automobile fatalities average 30,000.

There are hundreds of varieties of snakes in this country, the exact number depending on who's doing the classifying. One expert says 136, of which only four, the rattlesnake, moccasin, copperhead and coral snake, are poisonous.

Even these villains of the piece, while not exactly the kind of pet you'd pick for your child, can be handled with the standard apparatus used by rattlesnake hunters, a loop-end, long-handled rod.

If you go around calling people "dirty snakes," better brush up on your insulting technique. Snakes aren't dirty, and they're not slimy, either; their bodies are warm and dry, and they're fastidious as the dickens. They won't touch carrion, and theirs is a live diet exclusively, unless in captivity where they don't have any choice.

It's the snake's diet that makes him downright beneficial; he's a pest exterminator of the highest order, and invaluable in keeping down the rodent and vermin population of the farm and barnyard. Somebody has estimated the value of a single bull-snake, a harmless fellow frequently mistaken for the rattler, at 50 dollars a year.

To get back to those superstitions, practically none of them are so. Rattlesnakes, for example, don't rattle a warning before they strike; certain snakes vibrate their tails when frightened or disturbed, and the rattler's one of them.

Then there's the pilot blacksnake, often called the whip-snake because he's supposed to be able to administer a spanking to anybody who interferes with him. Don't you believe it, chums; the black is one of the most bashful of all reptiles, and you'd have a tough time finding him, let alone getting whipped by him.

The blue and black racer comes in for its share of misinformation, too, primarily because of its name. The racer's supposed to chase people; it doesn't. The racer sounds a lot faster than it is, too. It can hit four miles an hour, and that's with full speed ahead.

Mother snakes don't swallow their young to protect them from enemies. Snakes do, on occasion, eat other snakes, but they're not doing them any good thereby.

A snake can't hypnotize his prey by staring at it. Sure he stares at it—he can't help himself, because he hasn't any eyelids and his eyes are never closed—but that's as far as it goes. He hasn't any ears either, for that matter, but he's acutely sensitive to vibrations, which he detects either with his tongue or through his belly.

And so, finally, to the snake superstition. Sorry, but a shot of whiskey is a lousy snake bite remedy. Actually, it's harmful, because it's a stimulant, and what you want at a time like that is something sedative.

So, all right; have it your own way. If you must treat snake bite with alcohol, there's only one practical system.

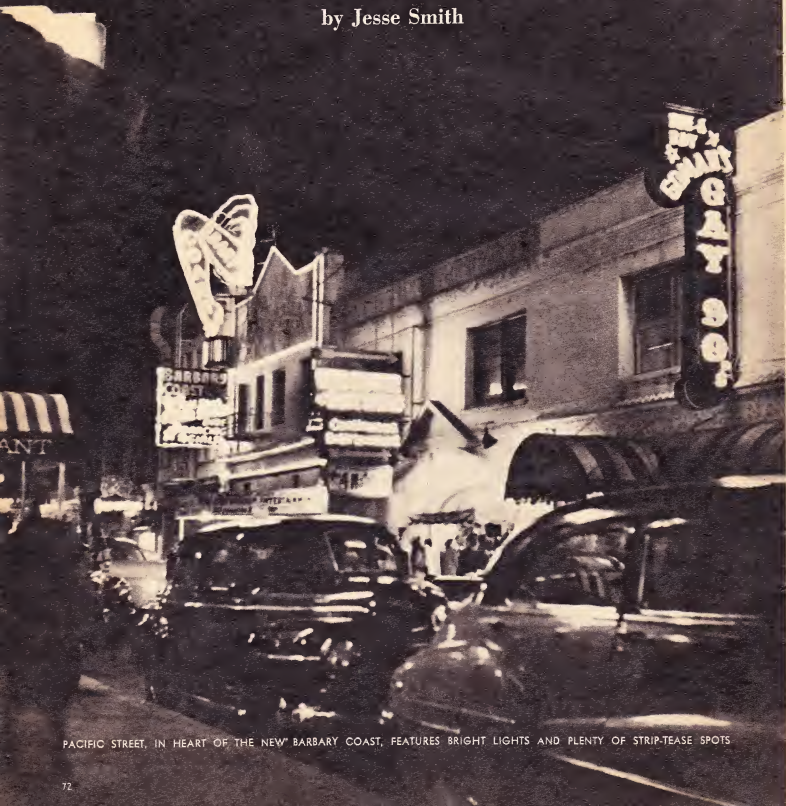
Have it in you when you get bitten.

END

*Ray Nelson, who will conduct a monthly feature page for REAL, is the well-known sportsman and narrator-producer of the "Rod and Gun Club of the Air," heard over the Mutual Broadcasting System every Thursday at 9:05-9:30 P.M., EST.

'FRISCO AFTER DARK

by Jesse Smith



PACIFIC STREET, IN HEART OF THE NEW BARBARY COAST, FEATURES BRIGHT LIGHTS AND PLENTY OF STRIP-TEASE SPOTS

It's a new and bawdy Barbary Coast these days but the old color is gone, replaced by strip-tease joints and dope emporiums

THE OLD BARTENDER in the Palace Club on Pacific Street remembered the Barbary Coast the way it had been in its heyday. Back in the 1890's, he had been a shoe-shine boy. He jerked his head in the direction of the fat, middle-aged blonde called "Toots," who was giving out with "Wheel of Fortune" on the little raised stage.

"Toots isn't bad," he said, "but you should have seen Big Bertha. They called her the Queen of the Con Women and she weighed 300 pounds. She posed as a rich lady looking for a husband to manage her fortune and she got lots of takers. Bertha made 'em put up some dough of their own as a sign of 'good faith'—and then skedaddled.

"After the cops got wise to her, she sang at the old Bella Union across the street. She had the Godawfullest voice you ever heard. Bertha sang two numbers: "A Flower From My Aged Mother's Grave" and "The Cabin Where the Old Folks Died." Once she played Romeo and Juliet with a character named Oofy Goofty taking the part of Romeo. She was so heavy they hadda do the balcony scene with her on the stage and him in the balcony! She played *Mazeppa*, too. And in that scene where she rides across the stage tied to the donkey's back, the damn donkey slipped and Big Bertha came crashing down on the orchestra. That finished the orchestra."

The bartender broke out another bottle of beer for the visitor.

"This Oofy Goofty," he went on, "there was a character for you. That was the only name he had—Oofy Goofty. He got thrown out of so many saloons, it got so it didn't hurt him. Then he took to making a living by letting himself get kicked around. For a dime you could kick him as hard as you could. For a quarter you could hit him with a walking stick, and for half a buck he'd let you belt him with a baseball bat. He used to carry a bat around to the saloons and holler, 'Hit me with a bat for four bits, gents!' His career ended one night when a big guy from Boston hit him with a billiard cue. The guy's name was John L. Sullivan. After that, Oofy Goofty took up acting and teamed with Big Bertha."

He wiped the bar. "Yeah," he said, "the old Barbary Coast was quite a place." He leaned over confidentially. "But want to know something, fella? Old Frisco's tougher now than it was then. No foolin'! You get out of this tourist trap and go down to Ellis and Mason. You'll see a new Coast there that'll knock your hat off."

Nothing loath, the visitor went. And he discovered that the bartender was right. San Francisco's colorful, bawdy Barbary Coast is back in business.

The old Coast—Pacific Street between Grant and



SIDEWALK COME-ONS like this fire-eater help to lure curious customers into the livelier nightclubs of the town.

Montgomery—was considered finally and properly interred along about 1918. Prohibition had delivered the *coup de grace* to the 19th-century tenderloin. Flashy cabarets like Cowboy Mag's, Diamond Flossie's and the Moulin Rouge; dance halls like the Thalia (where bearded miners and sailors danced the Texas Tommy with the pick of America's dancehall girls); and saloons like the So Different closed their doors one by one. The red lights blinked out in the shabby houses and shacks of Pacific, Jackson, Kearny and Montgomery Streets, and sentimentalists began weeping at the passing of the Coast.

The weeping was premature. Today, the Barbary Coast is bigger and no better than ever. The red lights are on again—not only on Pacific Street, but all over the area between the old Coast and the new tenderloin which centers around Mason and Ellis, just off Market. That Golden Gate is wide open.

Of course, part of this revival is calculated to trap tourists. The "International Settlement," as the old Pacific Street section is now called, has been "restored" so that it looks like the Barbary Coast of 60 years ago, complete with plaster nymphs and rococo effects. And the establishments of the area are not what they seem—the "New Italian Market" is owned by seven Chinese and Tarantino's Italian Restaurant is run by a couple of gentlemen named McAteer and Sweeney.

But don't let the innocent tourist trimmings fool you. Not only Pacific Street, but almost one entire side of Market between Broadway and Turk also contains a number of assignation hotels, fairy hangouts, strip-tease joints and dope dens without parallel anywhere else



UNDRESSED GALs of every size, shape and description perform nightly in the gay new hotspots of Golden Gate city.



JACK DRAGNA, reputed to be a busy after-dark operator in 'Frisco, was cited for contempt by Kefauver Crime Committee.

on the North American continent. It's quite a section.

The most striking feature of the old Barbary Coast was the number and size of its saloons and dance-halls. The most striking feature of the new tenderloin is the number of its strip-tease joints. Places like the House of Blue Lights, Strip-Town and the Barbary Coast on Pacific Street, and the Spanish Village, Irisher Club and Rafael's 150 Club on Mason, all feature the peelers. And in San Francisco they really peel.

From 9 P.M.—when the continuous shows begin on the tiny stages where the strippers are practically in the customers' laps—until 2 A.M., these joints are jammed with servicemen, industrial workers and men-about-town, plus the usual tourists. All joyously pay 75 cents for a 10-cent beer in order to ogle the dancers and get pawed by the B-girls. The thrills are there for the asking.

Dope Peddling Is Big Business

These places, however, are just so much window-dressing. The economic base of the old Coast was vice; the economic base of the new tenderloin is narcotics. According to Walter R. Creighton, Chief of the California Narcotics Enforcement Division, San Francisco has now passed Los Angeles, Chicago and Detroit; it is second only to New York as a center for the distribution and use of dope. Mr. Creighton points out that no less than one per cent of the total population of California is addicted and spends \$213,300 per day—or \$77,854,500 a year—for opium, marijuana, cocaine, and heroin.

School authorities estimate that 1,000 marijuana cigarettes per week is the average consumption at one of the city's biggest high schools. Morphine tablets, "horse" (heroin), and "sticks" (marijuana) are sold without much attempt at concealment in some of the strip-tease emporiums, fag-joints and bars of the new Barbary Coast.

Police say that more than 1,000 pimps are waiting for teen-age girls in tenderloin bars, hoping to hook the girls into the dope habit with free marijuana cigarettes and morphine pills. Once these girls are addicted, the only way in which they can get the \$25 or \$30 a day they need for dope is to become prostitutes. Most of San Francisco's army of "cadets" (pimps) are in the dope business on the side. At that, dope is cheaper in San Francisco than elsewhere because the city is the port of entry for much of it. Opium sells for only \$5 a "bundle" in San Francisco—half the usual price.

Long before there was a dope menace in the United States as a whole, San Francisco had a sizable dope problem. This was because of the large Chinese population. The Chinese taught many of the native-born how to smoke the "happy mud"—then "kicked the habit" themselves and settled down to selling opium and its derivatives (morphine and heroin) to those who had been "hooked."

Until recently, most of the dope smuggled into the United States by the international (Luciano) syndicate came through the port of San Francisco from Hong Kong; a lot of it still does, but Mexico has supplanted China as a source of supply and most of the stuff now comes up from Mexicali and Tijuana. Not long ago, however, a million-dollar cache of heroin was uncovered by U. S.

authorities on the *S.S. Hong-Kong Transport* in San Francisco harbor. The arrest of dope peddlers and the breaking up of dope smuggling gangs are constantly recurring headlines in the San Francisco papers.

In most American cities, dope addiction is a by-product of poverty and discrimination. But not in San Francisco. In the City by the Golden Gate not only the so-called "hyphenated" Americans of Mexican, Negro, Filipino, or Chinese descent are falling for the false euphoria of narcotics—addiction cuts across all racial and social backgrounds. Recently a county health officer who had been supervising the attack on the dope problem in the county school was himself arrested for addiction! California educational authorities have just issued to all the state's school teachers a handbook on dope addiction and how to cope with it.

Narcotics is the economic base of the new Barbary Coast, but there is plenty of prostitution and gambling, all of it very big time. San Francisco has always been a great town for *filles de joie* because of its free-and-easy ways and open-city tradition. Sex in all its variants is more open and more easily obtained—and at a lower price—than anywhere else in the country. One side of Powell Street hill contains block after block of shady hotels; hordes of prostitutes roam Stockton Street and Broadway, infesting the hundreds of bars in the tenderloin; some of the big hotels will furnish call girls; plushy bagnios operate openly in the very center of town.

One of the most notorious of these bagnios is the establishment run by San (Continued on page 90)



SPECIALTY DANCER at the Arabian Nights Club gives out with her own version of Voodoo to the strains of hot saxophone.



CALCULATED REVIVAL of the good old days is Pacific Street's International Settlement, which has been restored to look

as much as possible like the Barbary Coast of 60 years ago, although strip-tease night clubs now replace dance halls.

FICTION



She was a gorgeous dame and he fell hard—but he had to convince her he wasn't in on the vicious . . .

BLACKMAIL

by William Ard

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIGUERE

"BARNEY," he said, "meet Kyle Shannon." It was a pleasure to meet Kyle Shannon, even though it was through Archie Mayo; even though he stood with his hands on the back of her chair, fingers all but touching her slender neck; even though the eyes which she could not see were asking me: How'd you like a night with this, kid?

I dropped my glance to hers. She would be tall when she stood up. Her face was an angular heart, rounded only at the chin. She had a small, razor-thin nose that flared suddenly above a glistening, good-humored, very sensuous mouth. Her auburn hair hung down to her shoulders extravagantly and glistened warmly even in the artificial white light of Mayo's office.

She wore a flannel dress as brilliantly green as her eyes, a dress whose high neckline only emphasized each flowing curve of her body. She was, three minutes after I'd seen her, my most beautiful girl in the world. That's all it takes, ever, and from then on you hate the guts of any other man in the world who wants her too.

"You're going to be hearing a lot about Kyle," Archie Mayo was saying, and I looked at him. But he hadn't been reading my mind. He was using his agent's voice, Archie Mayo, Artist's Representative. He was giving me the buildup for her benefit.

He might have been wasting his time. Kyle Shannon sat rigidly in the chair, as though she wanted to get out of it and away from there. Her eyes, after their brief, cool glance at me, were now directed beyond me, toward the door.

Archie was still talking. "Kyle's just come back from the coast," he said. "Just finished her first picture."

That made more sense than most things they do out there. Our glances met again, and I began to wonder why she disliked me so much. It was too obvious for me to miss it.

"The screenings of Kyle's picture are very exciting, Barney. Very. Some very important people in the industry think they have a new star." He paused and his hands cupped her shoulders and tightened familiarly. "I don't have to tell you what a valuable property a new star is," he said. "They brought in this negative under a million three. They're talking in terms of a five million gross. . . ."

I was watching his fingers. They were probing, probing, dissolving the material of the dress and I could see her flowing up into them.

"... Of course," he was telling me, "the payoff is the public. All a

◀ I THREW A SHOT AT ONE . . . AND DRAGGED CALGO OUT OF THE APARTMENT



GEORGE GIGUERE

studio can do is put a girl in a picture. The people have to make her a star."

She had not moved for some time. Now, impatiently, she raised her arms and lifted his hands from her shoulders.

"Can't we get to the point?" she asked. Her vibrant voice, keyed in a low register, came not from a throat but from some musical box deep inside her chest.

I found him looking down at the top of her head with a face gone suddenly tough. But he said, "Sure, honey. I just wanted Barney to have the whole picture. He's a very particular guy."

NOW THE BUILDUP had shifted to me for her benefit. But it was falling flat on its face, judging from her reaction.

"Developing a star," Archie went on, "is a very delicate business. I'm talking about publicity," he said. "Exploitation. There has to be an angle."

So what? I thought, as irritated now by him as I was about her unreasonable hostility. What has publicity got to do with me?

"The angle on Kyle," he said, "is the old bushwah about the orphan's home. The Cinderella routine." Then he smiled at me. "The trouble is, Kyle is not quite Cinderella."

"Can't we skip that?" she asked.

"Not with Barney Glines," he told her. "It's nothing to be ashamed of to be the daughter of T. R. Shannon." He raised his eyes from the top of her head again and gazed at me. "Kyle has the tough luck of being a very rich girl," he said, and I saw her stiffen.

"So?" I asked.

"So Kyle might not appeal to the public if she's already stinking with the stuff. They want to make her rich. There's no point to the fairy tale if Cinderella starts off as a princess."

"So what?" I asked again and I found her looking me over. Not thawing, understand. But some of the ice had chipped off.

"The cat might be getting out of the bag," her agent told me. "You see, Kyle checked into the Park East Hotel yesterday. Last night her rooms were robbed."

"That's too bad," I said, meaning it.

"It's very bad," Mayo said. "They took a jewel case full of diamonds. One hundred thousand dollars worth."

He was looking at me. I was looking at her. Kyle Shannon was studying the tips of her fingers. "Who's the insurance company?" I asked.

Mayo walked slowly from behind her chair to the gaudy desk he kept. He lowered himself into an over-stuffed, mohair-covered swivel. "That's the problem, Barney. Kyle naturally has the stuff insured. But she feels," he said softly, "that she'd rather not file a claim."

"She does?"

"An insurance claim," he said, fingering a cigarette lighter, "means police. Police mean newspapers. I think you can imagine what the tabloids would do with a spread of Kyle on page one along with drooling descriptions of the jewelry and the piles of minks and sables. The Cinderella bubble will go boom."

"Oh," I said and turned back to her. "And the idea is to have somebody get your stuff back without any publicity that will hurt your career?"

"Yes," she said dully. "That's the idea."

"Well," said Archie Mayo, "what do you say, Barney?" His voice was hard and bright.

"I say nothing doing."

"What?"

The question was hers, an exclamation of surprise, and when I looked at Kyle, her eyes were wide and disbelieving.

"You're already violating your contract with the insurance company," I explained. "Read your policy and see what it says about immediately reporting loss or theft. . . ."

Archie Mayo coughed, interrupting me.

"Kyle," he said, "has already been in touch with the thieves."

"When?" I asked her.

"Last night." She said it accusingly. "Right after I'd discovered the theft."

"What was said?"

"They came right to the point," she said scornfully, her eyes locked with mine. "They said I could have my property back"—she paused, took a breath—"if I got in touch with Barney Glines."

I don't know how long I just sat there; I don't know what kind of expression I had on my face. I do know it was completely silent in Archie Mayo's office. And I do know she's had a good reason not to think much of me.

Archie coughed again and the spell was broken.

"How," I asked her, "would getting in touch with me help you? Did this caller explain that?"

"He said, 'Barney Glines will handle everything,' and hung up. Then I called Archie. He said he knew you, that you were a private detective. . . ."

"I said you were the lad all the insurance companies hired," Archie put in. "I said. . . ."

"Did you say I wouldn't touch the ransom racket?"

MAYO SHRUGGED. His handsome face was bland. "Kyle's in trouble," he said smoothly. "She's my client. She's more than my client. She asked me to get you over here, Barney. That's all I can do about it." He stood up and leaned across the desk, hands spread importantly. "Well?" he asked. "What about it?"

Kyle Shannon was watching me, and I knew she was as convinced as ever that I was running with thieves. If I grabbed my hat and walked out of this office—that would convince her differently. But then I would always wonder why some punk thought he could drop my name into his arrangements. And I would wonder what working with Kyle Shannon would have been like.

"How is it supposed to work?" I asked her.

"You mean you're in?" asked Mayo.

"What am I supposed to do?"

"Don't you know?" the girl asked, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

I sighed. "As naive as it sounds: No, I don't."

Archie said, "I imagine they'll call you, Barney. Wouldn't you say that's how it works?"

I stood up. "Yes. I'd say that's how it works. When I hear," I told her, "I'll give you the word."

"Better call me, kid," Archie said. "I'll take care of everything from Kyle's end."

It was nicely put. He was her agent. That made me the mob's. I left feeling no good at all, and walked across town to my office.

The door reads: *Barney Glines, Investigations*, in two neat lines. The door opens on an office 12 feet by 15 feet at 60 cents a square foot in a building that's been just west of Madison Avenue on 49th Street for the last thirty-five years. That makes it only one year older than me but some mornings I wonder.

I opened the door and went over to the scarred desk. I sat down and looked hard at the telephone.

"Ring, you son-of-a-bitch," I told it.

The telephone rang.

"Glines?"

"Yeah."

"There's something for you at the desk of the Leewood Hotel. That's 45th off Broadway."

THE RECEIVER clicked softly and he was gone. Phone call from a stranger. I told the hackie that took me to the Leewood Hotel to wait. I walked into a foyer that held four chairs, a couch, a table, a sand-filled urn for butts and a seedy, threadbare rug that had been an ugly maroon 15 years ago.

On the couch sat a sailor and a Broadway chippie who could have been all of 15. On one of the chairs was an old man studying a racing sheet, on another was the patiently waiting bookie. On the third chair was a hustler who got her legs crossed and uncrossed three times in the time it took me to pass her. The fourth chair held a hatchet-faced character who stared through my belt-line from beneath his pearl-gray hat with the brim upturned.

The thing to do, of course, was to pick him up, carry him into the john and bounce the information out of him. That's the way I used to play this game. But this was a different league with different ground rules. And a girl named Kyle Shannon.

The desk clerk was a third-stage consumptive. Sick eyes turned to me vacantly out of a face that was little more than a transparent covering for his skull.

"Give me what you've got for Barney Glines," I said quietly.

He reached under the desk and handed me an envelope. Then he moved away from me quickly as I tore it open and read the brief note. This was the jungle, and none of the cats were curious.

"Go sit in the left-hand phone booth," was the message.

Silly? For you and me, maybe, but not for them. For one thing, they wanted their spotter in the chair to make me. That's so they'd know me next time, if anything went wrong. For another, they wanted me out of my office and on a phone that they knew wasn't tapped. And there was the extra fun of having me jump every time they said jump.

I went to the left-hand booth, closed the door, sat down, lit a cigarette and waited. They kept me there five minutes before the phone rang.



"COME IN," SHE SAID, AND I COULD HARDLY BREATHE

"I'll give it to you once, Glines, so open your ears. Get twenty grand. Small bills. Put it in a black briefcase. Check the briefcase in the Long Island Terminal at Penn Station. Put the check in an air mail envelope. Leave the envelope with the night clerk of the Hotel Barnett. Seventh and 33rd Street. He'll have an envelope for you." He stopped the droning monologue for a brief pause. He said, "Don't be a wise guy. You'll get killed, Glines."

Roger and out. Gone, too, was the one who had spotted me for them in the lobby.

"The guy who came out of the hotel," I said to the cabby. "The one in the white hat."

He lifted his head. "What about him?"

"Did he keep walking or get into a car?"

"Car," said the cabbie. "Fifty-three Caddy. Black limousine, Fleetwood chassis." He swerved on Broadway to miss another cab and cut across a bus for his turn on 46th. "New York plate?"

"Yeah. But don't ask me the number, buddy. I don't play 'em."

That was too bad. Too bad but not hopeless. But then, who said you had to be smart to be a thief?

"Drop me off first at the General Motors Building," I told him. "It's over on 59th Street."

Archie Mayo's reception room was overflowing. Six women, all showgirls, occupied both couches. An old man sat in the chair with a sad-eyed terrier huddled between his legs. A character actor I had seen on television last week was parked in the far corner seeing what he could see on the couches. When my name went inside, I was told to enter the inner sanctum.

"You turn up something, kid?" he asked me.

I sat down in the chair Kyle had been using earlier. "Her stuff is going to cost somebody twenty grand."

He shrugged. "Steep," he said. "But cheap, considering."

He snubbed his butt in a tray. "Considering Kyle Shannon, what else? What's twenty grand against a five million gross? How do they want it handled?"

I told him.

He listened carefully and then nodded.

"All I should do," I said, "is pick up my envelope first." He smiled. "Sure," he said. "Do that, Barney. I'll send flowers."

"Nothing will happen to me."

He spread his hands and when he spoke his voice was bored. "You're the expert," he said. "My only angle is to protect Kyle. If you get yourself killed, I'll just have to start all over with a new boy."

"That would be an inconvenience," I admitted.

H E RAN HIS fingers through his hair. "Why don't you just play it smart, kid? Make the payoff and make the pickup. Okay?"

I got up. "Okay. I'll get the money tonight?"

"I'll pick it up from Kyle," he said.

"I can pick it up," I said.

He shook his head. "That's another thing, Barney. That piece is private stock."

"Really?"

"I thought I'd just warn you."

I grinned. "You know what you can do with your warnings, Archie."

"Don't, Barney," he said. "I'd kill you over Kyle Shannon."

I went over to him. My fingers wrapped themselves around the carefully tied windsor knot in his tie, and I pulled his face closer to mine than I really wanted it.

"Agent," I told him, "killing and getting killed is a two-way street. I don't think you've got the guts to walk it with me."

Exit and out.

At eight-thirty that night Archie Mayo slipped a package containing twenty thousand dollars into my

black briefcase. At ten minutes before nine a fat little man at the baggage room took the briefcase, a dime, and gave me a 24-hour baggage check. I put it in an air mail envelope and carried it to the dingy-looking, neon-signed Hotel Barnet. I handed it to the clerk and he gave me another envelope.

My envelope held a key to a locker in the Flatbush Avenue Terminal in Brooklyn. Across the river and into the woods. I arrived at the terminal 30 minutes later.

I opened the locker and took out a medium-heavy box, about the right size for a jewel case, wrapped in gray paper. Then, ignoring Archie Mayo, I traveled back to Manhattan and arrived at Suite 5 in the Park East Hotel. I touched the button beside the door and it opened.

K YLE SHANNON stood there, all in white, her hair pulled back behind her ears, and for five beats I didn't breathe.

"Come in," she said brittlely. The door closed softly at my back and she led me through a wide foyer and into a tremendous living room. She stopped and turned.

"May I have it?"

I handed her the package.

She took it and strode swiftly toward an archway at the far end of the room. She passed through it and I was alone. But not for long. She came back into the room so quickly I was startled.

"What have you done with my pictures?" she asked.

"Pictures?"

"Why don't we drop the acting?" she said. "You didn't convince me this afternoon, and it's getting to be too much to take tonight."

"What pictures?"

"My pictures! You've gloated over them—*now give them back!*" Her voice was a half-stifled scream in her throat, and crescents of moisture had suddenly appeared below her eyes.

I found myself very close to her, her shoulders beneath my hands. "Pictures of what?" I shouted.

"Of me, of me! Nude pictures of me!" She spun, writhing, trying to get away. I tightened and held her close—jammed her to me—and looked down into the fury of her eyes.

"Listen to me! I had nothing to do with your robbery. I don't know anything about your pictures. I don't know a goddamn thing!"

I dropped my hands and stepped away from her. We were both breathing hard. When I did speak again my voice was low, under control. "We've been taken," I told her. "You've just paid twenty thousand dollars as a first installment on a shakedown, and I've been used as a messenger boy."

She was looking at me curiously. Indecision filled her eyes, clouded her face. "You—you don't really know about the pictures?"

I shook my head and she began to cry. Then she was in my arms again, not roughly this time, and the story poured out of her.

The pictures were candid, taken with automatic cameras hidden in her bedroom, in her bathroom—anywhere that she was expected to be off guard and naked. Prints had

arrived, with a message that she could have the negatives—for a price. Then the theft of her jewel case and the advice to get in touch with Barney Glines.

"What Archie said today means nothing," she said. "It isn't my career. It's my father I'm worried about, and what it would do to him if the pictures of me were circulated. They threatened to use them on decks of playing cards and calendars . . ."

"It's a pretty old racket," I said. "Pretty" isn't exactly the right word for it. It takes a certain kind of mind to dream up a deal like this."

She smiled ruefully. "I've read about such things, but to think they could ever happen to me . . ." Her voice trailed off and she shook her head.

"Who do you think planted the cameras?" I asked. "Who had that much access to where you lived?"

She shook her head. "I don't know," she said. "It could have been anybody."

"That doesn't give me much to work on."

"You?" She sounded genuinely surprised. "There's no reason for you to be involved in this anymore."

"You really think there isn't, Kyle?"

She didn't move away; she just stood silently, scrutinizing me with those magnificent eyes. Finally, she said, "I . . . I never could get myself to believe you were really a part of this business . . ." Her voice trailed off to a whisper and before she could say anything else my lips were on hers.

Then she said: "This complicates it, doesn't it?"

"If you mean Archie Mayo," I answered, "it's a complication I like very much." And I left. There was work to do.

The telephone answering service had a message for me. Mr. Larkins of General Motors had called. I could reach Mr. Larkins at his home after seven o'clock. Reach him I did, and minutes later was on my way again.

FOUR HOURS LATER I was standing before an apartment building in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. The damn fools had been so sure of themselves they hadn't even bothered to garage the Cadillac. It stood beneath a street light, black, shiny and much more expensive to keep than they had ever expected.

The name I was after was Calgo and it appeared on the hall directory next to apartment 3-B. My ring brought a cautious query from behind the locked door.

"I just ran into a Cadillac parked on the street," I told the voice innocently. "I'm trying to find the owner . . ."

The door opened wide and I stepped through with a .38 clutched in my fist.

"Get your hat and coat, Calgo. And bring the pictures."

Calgo may or may not have been willing to go with me. I didn't find out because three of his friends suddenly appeared from the room beyond. Three friends with three guns. I threw a shot at the front one and heard him howl. Wood splintered nastily in the door frame behind me. Another slug tore the hat from my head. I stepped forward, got an arm around Calgo's neck and dragged him out of the apartment and on down the hall. There was no percentage in trying to make a big score when Calgo was the one I had come for.

Calgo and I didn't stop running until he was safely booked in the 24th Precinct and two squads were high-tailing it back to the apartment for his pals. Then I explained some, but not all, of the story to the two city detectives there and the three of us discussed it with Mr. Calgo until he told us as much of this particular shake-down racket as I really believed he knew.

My telephone call to Kyle at 3 A.M. got her out of bed. "Are you alone?" I asked.

"Of course I'm alone," she said warmly.

"We've got everything but your pictures," I said. "The phony jewel thieves are in jail."

"But how did you do it?"

"It wasn't much. They drove a 1953 Cadillac, a Fleetwood model. The dealers didn't even have that car to show until six weeks ago. Figure at least a month for delivery and you'll see that finding the owner of any particular one is no trick. There are only three places in the city that sell Cadillacs."

"And you traced them?"

"Out to Brooklyn. Kyle, there's something I should have asked you today but didn't."

"What is it, Barney?"

"Where were you when the jewel case was stolen?"

"I was out," she said. "Theater and dinner . . ."

"Who with?"

"Why, I was with Archie," she said.

That was it, then. I said goodnight and hung up.

I got to East Seventy-Eighth Street fast—just fast enough to be outside the apartment door when it opened and Archie Mayo came through with a valise in his hand.

I SLAMMED HIM twice, high and low, and carried him back inside. Besides clothes and a loaded .32, I found a manila envelope in his bag. They were the prints and negatives of Kyle, all right. All Kyle. In his wallet were stuffed 23 one-thousand-dollar bills. I left him the odd three and then snapped him out of it.

"Come on, you son-of-a-bitch," I told him easily. "I don't want you to miss your plane."

His eyes cleared at that.

"You're not going to take me in?"

"Not me," I assured him.

He hurried by me and out the door; minutes later, I was still smiling. Take the damn fool in? For what? A charge I could never make stick? I liked the idea of Archie Mayo running much better. Running from Calgo and Company, who'd catch up with him 48 hours after they were out of stir. Archie was scrambling with their precious lawyer money, and they'd never forget that.

My telephone call got Kyle Shannon out of bed again. "Now I've got everything," I told her, "and you need a new agent."

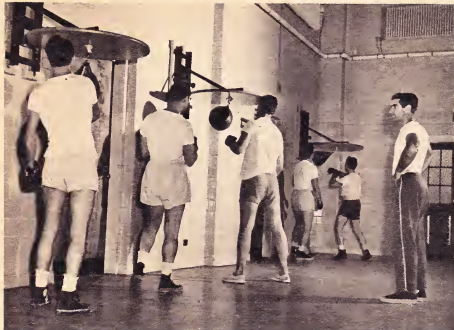
She didn't say anything at all.

"Kyle? Are you still there?"

"Yes, Barney," she said. "I'm still here. And I'm still alone."

I don't remember whether I replaced that receiver on the hook or not. I do recall thinking, though, that it had certainly been a day and night for getting places in a hurry.

END



PATIENTS ENJOY PUNCHING BAGS UNDER WATCHFUL EYE OF RECREATION LEADER

of the family, an idolization of the mother, a hatred of the father, a broken home, an alcoholic parent—and this fault, or crevice in the mental structure lies dormant for a while.

"At some time in life—it may occur much later or it may never occur at all—something might happen which would place a terrible stress on that person. If that strain is sufficiently critical it may cause that small weakness to become a vital crack—it may push the victim over the ledge that divides normal from abnormal. That is the breaking point.

"The exact nature of that 'last straw' is comparatively unimportant, because if it weren't one thing, it could be another. It might be 'combat fatigue,' or a love frustration, or a business failure; any emotional upheaval might do it. What is important is to ferret out the original, basic weakness in the patient's psyche. That is what we try to do at Montrose."

Few Are Dangerous

In contrast to the commonly held opinion that most mentally ill persons are dangerous or violent, Dr. Schillinger estimates that actually only about two per cent may be termed chronically dangerous to others or themselves. Of the balance, it may be truthfully said that some could be forced into a frenzy, but mental illness most often is evidenced by such symptoms as extreme depression hallucinations, anxiety, loss of contact with reality and an inability to cope with simple problems. Hospitalization and therapy are naturally indicated in these cases.

On a stroll I took about the grounds with Dr. Schillinger, we were approached by a gray little man in working clothes, a "privileged patient."

"Say, Doc," he asked, anxiously, "how's that deal coming? Think you'll have it for me soon?"

"Oh, yes," the doctor answered, "I'm

working on that discharge for you. I might have it by next week. Be sure to check with me."

"Is that man really going to be discharged?" I asked Dr. Schillinger.

"Probably never in his life," he answered.

"Gosh, that's tough," I remarked. "He seems so anxious."

Dr. Schillinger smiled. "That man," he said, "has been in mental institutions for 16 years. If I were to tell him right now that his discharge had come through, he'd be the saddest man in the place. You see, he's simply unable to stand the strain of everyday life. He'd be absolutely lost outside this world; it's all he knows now. He's one of our happier patients, and asking for his discharge has become a sort of routine with him. He'd almost die of the shock if he got it."

Let's take a look at a typical GI or ex-GI who enters the veterans' hospital. Joe is a former Signal Corps Pfc. who spent three and a half years in the service. About a year after his discharge he started acting peculiarly. He became morose, argumentative; he flew into rages without provocation, believed the world was conspiring against him. Finally he began to suspect murder plots; he made life so miserable for his family that they took steps to have him hospitalized. Joe was himself agreeable to this, signing a statement of voluntary entrance.

On arriving at Montrose, he was greeted by a smiling nurse, but she could do little to relieve his feeling of depression. He wanted just to sit on a chair, head clenched between his hands, all hunched over. It was obvious that tortured thoughts were running through his mind. But the officials wouldn't have it that way. They much preferred to keep Joe busy.

After some routine paper work, Joe was given a thorough physical examination, which revealed no serious organic

or systemic ailment. The next day began a series of exhaustive psychiatric examinations. There are more than 500 psychic tests available to Montrose physicians, including the famous Rorschach "blot" test. From a few of these tests they were able to get a pretty accurate blueprint of Joe's way of thinking. In a way, you might say, the tests show "what's eating" a patient.

Joe spent a lot of time talking to one doctor, who led him far back into his childhood. Joe was encouraged to talk about a lot of things he thought he had forgotten. From these remarks, and observing that Joe was very depressed, didn't want to eat, desired to withdraw from society and had feelings of unworthiness and guilt, the psychiatrists deduced that he had a drive for self-destruction. He was not unintelligent. There was cause for hope that he could be straightened out.

After careful consideration of every phase of Joe's life, past and present, the doctors worked up a report, which was later approved by their Chief. They recommended a tentative course of therapy for Joe. He was to be watched very closely, of course. They decided on electric shock treatment and an "integrated activity program," or plan for keeping Joe interested and occupied.

The doctors could have selected putting Joe into an "insulin coma" by injection; or subjecting him to an operation known as a lobotomy, which affects the nerves governing the worry and depression centers of the brain. They concluded, for medical reasons, that electric shock was best.

Several electric shocks were given Joe at intervals. These are powerful jolts which produce an initial effect not unlike an actual state of death, with the difference, of course, that the patient is quickly restored to consciousness. He has no recollection of what has happened.

Snapped Out of Depression

In Joe's case, the shocks were highly beneficial. He began to snap out of his depression, to take an interest in his surroundings and his fellow patients. He learned that the boys were going to stage a production of "South Pacific" in the hospital theater, a huge, modern auditorium seating 1,500 persons. Because Joe had always had a yen to sing, he was given a part in the male chorus.

One day Joe mentioned to his psychiatrist, who kept in constant touch with him, that he liked to mess around with automobiles. A few days later he was assigned to a class in auto mechanics. He went to the big Occupational Therapy Building, where there is maintained a complete repair shop. The patients have an old car at their disposal; it is constantly being taken apart and put together again. Joe spent many happy hours tinkering with the jalopy.

If Joe's inclinations had run toward printing, photography, shoemaking, carpentry, electricity, TV repairing, wood-working, rug-making, weaving or a dozen other vocations, he might have selected one of those instead of auto mechanics.

On first arriving at Montrose, Joe had

been bedded with 25 other patients in a large ward. Some time later, when his improvement seemed to be lasting, he was transferred to a private room, which looked very much like any private room in any private hospital. He was responsible for keeping it clean, of course. Joe was now a "privileged" patient, with many rights not given others confined to "closed wards."

Being "privileged" meant, for instance, that when the authorities decided to take a group of patients down to New York to see a ball game, Joe might be one of them. When they had one of their frequent summer picnics on the grounds down near the Hudson River, Joe might go along. He might take piano lessons from one of the volunteers from the community; he might visit the library whenever he chose, selecting his choice from 4,000 books and hundreds of newspapers and magazines.

Joe paid many visits to the gymnasium, which he said was the best equipped he had ever seen. He played basketball and punched the bag, following these with a dip in a huge, well-lighted swimming pool. If he preferred, he could go bowling. Evenings he could go to the movies three times a week and see the latest pictures. Often there would be a lecture or a meeting of men interested in stamps, gardening, rare coins or photography.

Chaplains for All Faiths

On Sundays Joe went to church services, which were held in the hospital's large chapel building. Joe was a Protestant, but he noticed they had a revolving altar which could be rolled into position for Catholic and Jewish services as well. There were chaplains there for all three faiths and Joe knew they were available at all times for personal discussions, just as they were in the Army.

On entering the hospital, Joe had turned over all the cash he carried to a cashier, who gave him a receipt. He was permitted to buy a book of coupons that could be used to make purchases in the canteen, where he bought cigarettes, magazines, clothing, candy, stationery and other similar items.

Joe has shown such excellent progress, his doctor says, that soon he might be considered able to go back into the world. In this way he's far more fortunate than many others, who seem doomed to remain locked behind doors for the rest of their lives. The first step will be to permit Joe to go home on "trial visit," which may last anywhere from one to ninety days. His condition will be carefully checked while he's away, of course, and he will retain his bed in the hospital.

In its 30 months of operation, Montrose has returned some 800 veterans to their homes as fit for society. But the process of correction is slow and demanding. Of all patients, there is a hard core of about 25 per cent, who in all likelihood will never be discharged. This is a higher percentage than in most VA hospitals, whose average is 12 per cent, because Montrose is a new hospital and many patients of this type have been transferred from other hospitals. The term "incurable," incidentally, is rarely used in a VA

hospital; such patients are referred to as "continuing cases."

The reason they will never be released is not necessarily because such patients are sicker than others, but because there is less hope that they can ever adjust to normal life. It seems odd, but psychiatrists say that the more disturbed a patient may be—as a general rule—the better the chance of his recovery. An attack that comes swiftly may leave as swiftly; it is the slow-in-developing, long-neglected neuroses that are apt to be lasting.

On my visit I had a pleasant talk with a middle-aged veteran of World War I whom I'll call Mr. Jordan. He had been a carpenter, he told me, and frequently practiced his trade in the hospital shop—"just to keep my hand in." His conversation was bright and cheerful, his appearance what we might describe as entirely normal.

"How they treating you?" I asked.

"Oh, fine," he answered, "Everybody's nice as can be. But I do have one complaint."

"What is that?" I asked.

His response was eloquent. Pointing to an exit, he said: "The lock on that door."

This sounded like a quite normal reaction for a man who is being confined to an institution. Then Mr. Jordan said: "I'm leaving here in two weeks, you know."

"Good!" I answered. "What are your plans?"

"First," he said, "I'm going out to Indiana to see my mother again. She's nearing 82 and time's running out. Then I'll loaf, maybe, and fish a little. After that, I'll consider going back to work."

I felt as if I were talking with a man who had completed a herculean task and was ready to retire. "Well," I said, "I wish you the best of luck." I shook his hand and left.

A few minutes later I was talking to an attendant. "About Mr. Jordan," I said, "it certainly is good to see a man cured and ready to leave this hospital."

The attendant looked at me strangely. "Mr. Jordan isn't as well as he seems," he said with a peculiar air of finality, "He probably will never be out of an institution."

That was all the man would say. A doctor proved equally loath to discuss the case. I still have no idea of what's wrong with Mr. Jordan.

Strange stories are told about athletics at Montrose. There's the softball player, for example, who would have scored on a home run if "someone hadn't gone and built a fence around home plate." The softball team, incidentally, is rated one of the best amateur groups in the area, and often makes trips to take on local aggregations.

Then there's the Montrose bowler who invariably hurled his ball from the extreme right side of the alley "because there's always an auto parked in the middle." Swimmers in the beautiful pool frequently complain about strange objects in the water. One says it is full of hot dogs; another sees octopuses and one is even on record as having been frightened by people he saw lying on the bottom—staring up at him.

Oddly enough, Dr. Schillinger points out, no matter how weird a person's hal-

lucinations, he usually confines his complaints to talk. "A man may say we're trying to poison him," he says, "but he continues to eat our food and enjoy it."

So it was with the "Hitlers" and "Napooleons." (Dr. Schillinger has encountered just one "Napoleon" in his years as a psychiatrist.) Although they believe themselves to be omnipotent, these patients are usually very tractable. They may contend they are "God," or "Hitler," but they obey every instruction given them by an attendant, albeit with a certain amount of majesty.

Basic in the Montrose system of therapy is the theory of activity. Healthy patients are kept busy, physically and mentally, every minute of the day. Hyper-active veterans are encouraged to release their energy by exercise. I saw big, powerful men, who might have proven powder kegs if kept pent up, spending their excess emotion by punching bags, playing basketball, swimming and engaging in other forms of harmless violence.

Every Medical Convenience

The hospital at Montrose occupies a vast tract of 385 acres, formerly a public park, rolling down to the banks of the Hudson River on the west and bounded on the east by Highway 9, a half-mile away. There are 35 magnificent new buildings, containing every conceivable medical convenience. The hospital, opened on May 21, 1950, cost \$26,000,000 to build.

Today the VA hospital program is faced with a sharp curtailment because of a recent Congressional decree cutting \$31,000,000 from its budget. How this will affect the 105,000 veterans in VA hospitals, including the 53,000 who are mental cases, is not pleasant to contemplate.

Patients are housed in various types of quarters, ranging from single, private rooms for the "privileged," or not too seriously ill, to wards accommodating 26 men. Men must maintain cleanliness, of course, unless they are seriously sick. Montrose is built to take care of 1,965 patients, but at this time there are some 1,600 bedded there. The reason, according to Dr. Harris, is the difficulty in obtaining and training the help necessary to care adequately for a maximum capacity. There is no shortage of patients; unhappily, the waiting list is long. Newcomers are constantly arriving from other institutions, to swell the already large number of applicants for beds from doctors in the vicinity.

Those who have relatives and friends in any one of Uncle Sam's 35 Neuro-Psychiatric Hospitals, including Montrose, may rest assured that everything that can be done to help the mentally ill is being done. They may know that their loved ones are being handled with patience and understanding.

As an attendant locked the door of a Montrose ward behind me and I stepped into the brilliance of a warm October afternoon—an afternoon that seemed sweeter and fresher because it held the essence of normalcy and freedom—some words of Dr. Schillinger came back to me.

"The most important person in this hospital," he told me, "is the sickest patient."

I believe that.

THE RUGGED RANGERS (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61)

A situation had been created that placed Aggressor forces (the Army's traditional "enemy") far inland after an invasion from the coast during the night. The Rangers were charged with locating them and collecting information. Instructions were given, a briefing was held and the patrols moved out.

The terrain was largely swamp and marshland. As we entered the marshes, thick with grass, each step disturbed clouds of hungry mosquitoes. The lead man carried a machete, hacking out a path for the others. Passage was impossible otherwise.

It was to be a nine-mile problem. The compass was all-important. We couldn't keep our eyes on a spot and walk toward it because you couldn't see far enough ahead. The route of least resistance was not always the best under such conditions, just easier.

Meantime, other groups had arrived at their first goal—the Yellow River—and found rubber boats that "partisans" had hidden for them. They boarded them and went upstream where they hid the boats and went inland again.

Ranger Department instructors in the guise of Aggressor forces appeared from time to time to "attack" the patrols. Hand grenades with about the same concussion force as the real McCoy, but without fragments, were employed frequently by the enemy. You'd hear one drop around you, but couldn't determine the location of it. That's about the time it would go off behind you. It was no fun.

We Try "Courage Drop"

After the problem was finished that evening, we arrived at one of the devices designed to test a prospective Ranger's courage. Called the "Courage Drop," it began with a telephone pole suspended horizontally between a tree and another pole opposite it on the bank of a river.

The horizontal pole was about 22 feet from the water's surface, and the object was to walk on it across the water to the other side of the stream. We were fully clothed, boots and all. On the other side, there were two ropes strung between a tall tree and a pole. The test from there was to walk the bottom rope while hanging on to the top one.

Next came a 15-foot climb up the tree, to a point where a rope stretched across the river to trees on the other side. The object was to inch along the rope to its halfway point, then drop in the river.

It became my turn, and as I left the solid feeling of the tree, I crossed my feet over the rope, but good! Below, in the semi-darkness I saw a lifeguard on a platform at the river's edge. Since the rope, for the first ten or fifteen feet is over the river bank with tree stumps jutting out, the guard's job, other than saving those who are too tired to swim to shore, is to deflect your body toward the water, should you fall. Fortunately, everyone made it to the midway point.

As I reached that spot, shown by a

piece of tape on the rope, I let my body suspend slowly, as advised. I hung there for a moment, looking for an avenue of escape. There was none, so I let go. The 37 feet to the water seemed miles. I hit, finally, then touched bottom in mud to my knees and came up, swam to shore and staggered out.

After a ride back to camp in wet clothes, open vehicles and cold air, we ate a warm meal.

A few days later, the big 52-hour jungle-amphibious "Florida graduation problem" got under way.

At eight in the morning everyone was at Santa Rosa Sound and remained there for the day, making preparations for what was to be a grueling experience.

The assignment was to destroy Aggressor forces that had supposedly infiltrated about 14 miles inland after an invasion the night before. It had been determined that eliminating the invader by air or artillery was impossible. Thus, it became a Ranger responsibility.

Need the Right Weapons

The leaders of the patrols made their own decisions in selecting weapons and equipment. If the mission was to be a success, the right decisions were important. You never want to lug a lot of heavy weapons unnecessarily, but you have to be darned sure you have the right one for the job.

A hot meal was served at four o'clock and everyone boarded the five man boats and moved out into the quiet waters of the Sound. A salvage tug, through plans previously made, left Eglin Navy Yard and effected a rendezvous, taking the entourage of boats in tow around the island, into the Gulf of Mexico.

It was slow going, and by eight-thirty in the evening, when the tug cut the boats loose some 1,500 yards off shore, many thought it was time to fold up and go home.

Upon reaching Santa Rosa Island, the Rangers carried the boats across the island and then launched them into the Sound.

It took three hours to make the journey, which was about a mile and a half of rowing, and at eleven-thirty the Rangers were right back where they had started, on the banks of the mainland. This time, they camouflaged their boats and moved inland through woods.

Eight and a half hours later and 14 miles from the coast, they reached their objective, six well-guarded 90-mm guns, anti-aircraft guns and general purpose weapons.

The "guns," composed of wood and sand bags were protected from the Rangers by swamps and wooded areas. Only the north side was clear of natural obstacles, but demolition pits were set up by the "Aggressors" so the hard route, from east to west through swamps was elected.

A difficult part in these patrols I haven't mentioned is that the missions are carried out under combat conditions and absolute silence is necessary.

Surviving all this, the Rangers managed to infiltrate through the enemy's lines and get to the guns. A demolition party fixed charges to them and the objectives were destroyed.

In order to accomplish this, twelve Aggressors guarding the guns had to be disposed of—and they were, in true Ranger fashion.

At 11:00 a.m., to satisfy gnawing stomachs, our menu consisted of palmetto leaves and berries which we found in the area. Not to be thwarted out of chow because of the Aggressor, some of the more enterprising ones began a search for more palatable food.

Where would be a better place to get this than from the enemy himself?

One of his trucks was located and as the driver pulled away to avoid capture, a crate of domestic rabbits "accidentally" fell out and rabbits went in all directions. That's when these sweating, stinking, tired Rangers had a big chase, only this time the enemy was poor old cottontail!

About 30 of them were "subdued" and the men moved to a clandestine bivouac where there was water. The medical aid man had a busy time, helping to dissect and prepare the rabbits for the spits.

By four o'clock, which was about 32 hours after the problem began, they started the long trek back to where the boats were hidden. In a couple of hours, the area where the boats were hidden was reached. The spot was found, but the boats had been deflated by the enemy. Amid much cussing, they began to inflate them with hand pumps.

Suddenly, from three sides, the Aggressors hit with machine guns, hand grenades and rifles! The Rangers were completely fatigued, having been on the go constantly for two days and two nights with no sleep and very little to eat, but mustering every ounce of strength, they fought off the attackers.

While their buddies were engaged in combat, some of the other Rangers prepared the boats for launching.

It was three in the morning when the boats were finally put into the water, and six by the time Santa Rosa Island was reached, crossed and we were launched once again in the Gulf of Mexico.

Some Boats Capsize

The surf on the Gulf was from four to six feet and some of the boats capsized as many as three times before finally becoming waterborne. The coxswain of one of the ten man rafts was washed overboard and was picked up by another boat ten minutes later. The sky was overcast, and with no moon, it was a wonder that we ever did find the waiting tug.

The tug once again took the beaten group in tow and around the island to the mainland.

Two days and two nights, constantly on the go, less than three hours sleep and very little to eat would put the average person to bed for a little while but when Auxiliary Field No. 7 was reached around noon, the first hot meal in two days was served and the cleaning of equipment began.

The return trip to Fort Benning was

begun the next day at 3:00 P.M. the following day was free time and then began an eight-hour journey to the mountain training camp in north Georgia, near the gold mining town of Dahlonega.

The mountain training camp, situated in the heart of the Chattahoochee National Forest, presents real challenges for Rangers-to-be.

There were instructions in mountain technique, methods of walking and marching in mountainous territory, body positions, determining from rock formations the strength of the ground underfoot and ways to cross it.

On the second day in the Great Smokies, the class was learning mountain expeditions—rope traversing, making rope bridges and climaxing it with another Ranger courage device, "The Slide for Life."

The "Slide for Life" is a rapid means of transporting oneself from a high cliff or mountainside to a much lower level. The slide is made down a 5/8-inch steel cable, 650 feet in length. It's attached to a tree on a hillside 140 feet above the ground.

To make the slide, you pass a rope about six feet long through a ring in a pulley which is on the cable, and hang on to a loop tied in each end of the rope. Standing on a platform 140 feet above the ground, objects below look mighty small.

As the man making the slide ahead of you detaches his pulley at the other end of the cable, you get the signal to jump off the platform!

A few seconds after the slide is begun, you gain momentum until it seems you are traveling at supersonic speed. Actually, the greatest speed ever attained during the ride down the cable has been estimated at "only" 60 miles an hour!

He Never Misses

About two-thirds of the way through the test, in passing over a stream where you've seen your fellow Rangers caught in a burst of water from a violent underwater explosion, the cable is still about 105 feet above the ground surface. You cling to the hope that maybe this time the demolitions man setting off the explosives will misjudge in timing and you won't get an impromptu bath. Give up that idea; he never misses.

As you get almost clear of the stream, a pound of TNT explodes about five feet under the water and a geyser of water spouts up before you and reaches a thundering roar just as you meet it head-on!

Involuntarily, at that moment, your grip becomes tighter which compensates for the encounter. Then, the slack in the cable begins to level it out somewhat and you slow down. By the time you reach an "A" frame at the end of the cable, you've stopped. It's all over.

Meantime, there had been reconnaissance patrols sandwiched in during the first couple of days. The first one, four miles round trip, took eight hours; the next, a day and night reconnaissance patrol, covered 12 miles and took 16 hours.

Most patrols are conducted at night

and Rangers have to be able to rappel down a cliff by means of a rope. During an operation, if they encounter a cliff, they are not to go around it—but down it!

The instruction in rope rappelling is done in stages, beginning at a cliff 35 feet high. Not very high, but a good place to learn the proper way to hold a rope and lower yourself by feeding out and taking up the slack in the rope as it dangles beneath you.

Two means of rappelling are taught—first is the body rappel, whereby your body itself is the delaying action in descending. The rope is wrapped around your torso, over a shoulder and around your legs near the hip. This is done in such a way that by holding your left arm away from and above you and keeping your right hand in control of the rope

behind you, you're able to lower yourself at the speed and distance you want.

Your right hand, or rather just two fingers of it, are in complete command of the situation. When you graduate to the 100-foot cliff, the way you allow the rope to pass through your fingers could mean the difference between life and death.

From the ground, heights never seem to hold the impact contained in the view from above, especially when the bottom of the cliff is at the top of a hill overlooking a valley a thousand feet further down.

In order to rappel down any cliff, you must back up to its edge and go over it backwards, looking over your shoulder and down. This is confusing when the face of the cliff is somewhat concave. Until you've placed yourself in a backward, leaning position with your body approaching the horizontal, and have left the edge to begin the descent, you see nothing but the ground below.

Only after you've gone over the edge and made the long trip to the ground has the apprehension left. You climb back up to the top by a more accessible trail and do it over again, three more.

Rope Hasn't Broken Yet

A Swiss seat, employed too, is accepted as the more desirable means of rappelling. The rope seat, tied around the person where seats usually are, has a snap link in the front. The rope is passed through and wrapped around the link several times, thereby absorbing the friction of the rope. This isn't true during body rappelling—the body absorbs the friction.

Everyone was asking himself, some out loud, "What happens if the rope breaks?"

Well, until the law of gravity is repealed, there's only one thing that can happen, but Lt. Don Carney, an instructor, is quick to reply that they've had no cases where the rope has broken.

"The rope we use is a 5/8" nylon jump rope and will stretch half its length before even considering breaking," he pointed out.

That the rope stretches needed no explanation to those who had gone "over the side." That was learned the first time when each thought he was going down faster than he'd bargained for as it "gave" for a foot or so just as he was going over the cliff's edge.

All of this training was necessary and much more too, before the 72-hour day and night mountain problem would be started.

It was a tired bunch of Rangers who prepared for the final, big job.

I didn't accompany the Rangers on this final big test. But from letters received from instructors and former "buddies," I learned that it was just about twice as tough as the Florida problem. And I know, too, how proud and happy the men who came through it are today, wearing the Ranger patch on the left sleeve of their uniforms.

They have completed the most rigorous and arduous training course the United States Army has to offer. **END**



WATER GEYSER brings combat realism to the student Ranger's "Slide for Life."

and dinner, and read with interest and amusement all about himself. He also read a follow story with a Sydney date-line in which the Associated Australian Press quoted Mrs. Forbes as saying that she was "through" with her husband and that she was going to Mexico to get a divorce.

He remained in London for several days, opened several accounts in banks under the name of Arthur Saville, then departed for Ireland.

John stayed in Dublin for a year, met a congenial printer and, spending money lavishly on all sides and watching the obituary columns like the proverbial hawk, mulcted two score widows of their insurance monies. The widows, fresh from their grief, were easily consoled by the pat, pat, pat of that large St. Bernard hand on their shoulders. John's countenance, exuding optimism and cheer, was the answer to any widow's prayer.

It is not true that widows, fresh ones, think only of the late and dear departed or of the sums left to them.

Quite naturally, they think of love and wonder whether or not it has ended for them. Healthy women, possessed of good imagination, automatically look ahead. They want to live, and they scream inside for a second chance. Forbes provided opportunity for this and something more. The something more consisted of doubling or trebling their money on a "good thing."

No Rest for John

In Dublin, Forbes proposed to and was accepted by more than 46 widows. His days and nights were hectic affairs simply because there are just 24 hours in a day—a sad state of things for a man running circles about 46 women panting for love and profits.

Times there were when John found that many of his women were torn between passion and avarice and that second cautious think. He then would come in of an evening, stride up and down nervously, rub his face and feign distress. This would effect an immediate concern and John would say: "It's nothing, nothing at all, my dear." After much coaxing, he would confess that he had been somewhat caught short in his vast enterprises. "I have enemies on the Paris Bourse, you know," he would say tiredly and reluctantly, as though his business worries were of no concern to the frail, gentle woman.

This naturally evoked immediate sympathy and the offer of a personal loan. Many hours of coaxing would pass away before John would consent. Then, when a sum was mentioned, he would laugh feebly as though the little woman didn't understand the enormity of his financial obligations. "But it is of no matter. I'll cable my New York bankers for an advance. God knows, I've pulled them out of many a tight hole," he'd say. Then would come the rest of the insurance money, down to the last thruppence.

According to Scotland Yard accounts, John managed his multiple operations so skillfully that when he departed the

blessed shores of Merry England, a dozen of his prey thought he was on a shooting holiday in Scotland; a second dozen thought he was flying to Rome to offer Mussolini a vast loan in return for betraying Hitler, and the rest merely thought he was overdue for late supper.

Some three weeks later, now late in 1938, John W. Forbes turned up in Cairo, then Algiers, Tunis and Dakar, in a period of two additional weeks, he mulcted the wife of a high British general, and two spinster ladies who lived quietly in a walled-in house outside the Algiers city limits.

It was Spring of 1939, when the phony



ARRIVING in Sydney to face the music, John Woolcott Forbes seems undisturbed.

war was on, that John turned up in Brazil and blazed through the British residents there like a prairie fire. In 1940, John suddenly appeared in Toronto under the name of George Francis Gibbons and opened handsome offices under the name of the Canadian Investment & Development Company.

He immediately proceeded to enchant the British dominion with a wondrous story that he owned exclusive rights to gigantic ore and gold finds near Hudson Bay which he was turning over to the British Government for a nominal one pound as a patriotic gesture. "But money is needed for machinery and crews of men," he told civic groups and especially several hundred ladies.

His operations became so huge that he was forced to enlist the help of three of Toronto's most eminent stockbrokers, all of whom were later arrested and had great difficulty clearing themselves. That they later did, after much disbelief on the part of Crown Prosecutors, is no discredit to John. What finally convinced the authorities that the three were white as snow was the parade of more than 175 women who also claimed they had been hoodwinked. Each of the victims spoke of the cheery manner, the lavishness, the handsome and responsible set of the head, and of the fact that John looked like John Bull. One dry-humored

judge said it was too bad that John hadn't negotiated with Hitler before the war. "He might have milked Germany dry," the judge said.

John had \$3,500,000 on deposit in New York City, Cleveland, Chicago, and Mexico banks when he set up small but handsome offices in the Wall Street district of New York under the name of Evelyn St. John Bishop.

Soon John was courting and breaking the hearts of several hundred women who lived on Park Avenue or near enough to it to throw a phony bond.

He also now owned a private plane and a private pilot. He represented himself to be a member of the British Purchasing Commission who had come to New York City to negotiate immense deals on behalf of his Government, which needed great amounts of steel, cloth, tanks, guns, side arms, buttons, thermometers, glass, ships, oil tankers, lumber, watches, radios and radio parts, and other such trivia used in warfare, plus thousands of tons of food.

Meantime, John was ranging far and wide across the Eastern seaboard and the Middle West laying claim to the hearts of widows and detached ladies of fortune. From these, he siphoned hundreds of thousands of dollars. To many, he paid huge interest on phony bonds with good, personal checks which he said were drawn from funds given him by the British Government.

British Government Puzzled

During this period of John's operations thousands of tons of material did reach the shores of England, were consumed by the growing British forces and paid for by the British Government. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was baffled because the bills of lading weren't quite up to snuff, but the goods were there and that was all that mattered.

Late in 1941, just before Pearl Harbor, John read in the papers that his wife had obtained a divorce from him in Mexico City on the grounds of abandonment and the fact that he was a fugitive from Australian and British justice.

Within 24 hours, John vanished from the New York skyline. Within two weeks, only 16 of his prey, all of whom had Park Avenue addresses, went to see the District Attorney of New York County and wept. The others were either too ashamed, because of their social positions, or still too much in love, to wish to make a public parade of their misfortune. The same thing, in lesser degree, took place in Chicago, New Haven, Connecticut, Detroit, Baltimore, Washington, D.C., and Cincinnati. Only a handful of bilked widows put in an appearance at the offices of the prosecutors.

Meantime, two men from Sydney, Australia, arrived in New York City. They were tired and haggard men. They had been following Forbes over almost

half a world, but always two or three countries and several hundred women behind him.

In January of 1942, one Sinclair Dawkins, a British subject, turned up in Mexico City, and after presenting his credentials to the British Ambassador and making the rounds of the best hotels and clubs, made it known that he was in the country to line up hemp, copper and wool for his Government.

Dawkins, who was a robust, jolly man who looked very much like a cartoon of John Bull, wore black suits and twirled the fobs on his heavy, golden watch chain.

In due course, Dawkins met a small, rosy-faced woman with two children who had divorced her husband, a dastard of a swindler named John Woolcott Forbes, who had fled Australia.

There was a whirlwind courtship and ambassadorial dignitaries of a dozen nations, as well as the British and American colonies, attended the wedding at the Hotel Reforma, the most beautiful joint in Mexico City.

The couple and the two girls set up housekeeping in a lovely villa in May, 1942.

In June, 1942, two terribly tired men from Australia came to Mexico City accompanied by two gentlemen from the U. S. Federal Bureau of Investigation. There was an animated discussion with the Mexican police authorities.

The Mexican police spread their hands and declared it was impossible. "We will have no part of it unless you can furnish us with proof. You take the responsibility," they said.

Inasmuch as relations with the United States were somewhat better than with the British Empire, the F.B.I. men were entrusted with the chore.

Mr. Dawkins, early one morning, was invited to step into a car not his own.

When he entered, he denied everything and, so talking, the men drove very fast until, two days later, they crossed the border at Laredo. There, John Woolcott Forbes was arrested by Texas police under his own name and was permitted to phone his wife in Mexico City. She already had been informed by Mexican police of what had happened.

After sitting in the Laredo jail for several days, John waived extradition to New York City.

He was soon followed by his devoted wife and in February of 1943, John was arraigned before the Southern District of New York Federal Court, where he pleaded guilty to several hundred counts in four indictments charging bogus stock selling, impersonation, larceny, violations of S.E.C. laws, falsifying of passports, illegal entry into the United States, and several other crimes including the crossing of state lines to avoid arrest.

There were many consultations between the two tired Australian men and the U. S. District Attorney for the Southern District of New York. John was given a five-year prison term which was suspended on condition that he agree to deportation.

John agreed and when he was taken to the dockside, he was arrested by the two haggard Australian men on a warrant issued in Sydney years ago.

John was put in the hold of the ship which made its way silently and in darkness across the war zone waters. In Australia, he pleaded guilty to numerous crimes and was given 14 years.

Not many weeks before this happened, Mrs. Forbes arrived in Australia and saw her husband sentenced. Today, she and her children are living hard by the prison so that she can visit him often.

A greater love story has never been told. Nor that of a more loving and loving swindler.

END

DEATH SAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

pooled for the common purpose. If the U.S. is sharing its RW secrets with its allies, then a goodly portion of the Eurasian continent can be rendered uninhabitable for periods ranging from an hour to several years and all within a delivery period of from a minute to several hours.

Were two or three guided missiles to be shot down, or were they permitted to deliver their loads of atomic sand over a city the size of Moscow, something like the following graphic picture would follow within a matter of from 24 hours to 72 hours.

Men, women, and children, in homes, offices and factories would go about their affairs after an "all clear" sounded.

Within a space of two or three hours, fainting spells would begin. Within 24 hours, the city would be prone. A man kissing a woman would transmit by his breath the fatal radioactive dose.

Within 48 hours, the city would be dead.

Factories would be silent. Men greeting each other would fall on the streets. Motormen running trolley cars would

fall dead. Motorists would slump at the wheels and ram their cars into each other. Women hanging out clothes would topple out of windows. Children would whiten and fall and die.

A great hush would fall and after an allotted time, when contamination would pass, victorious troops would enter and find no one to resist.

If the wind were blowing fiercely, the entering troops would know what to do to avoid contamination. They would wrap damp handkerchiefs about their mouths and nostrils or would don masks of a special type that is a classified secret.

The use of such a weapon would, of course, sidestep the ban on poison gas as laid down by the Geneva Convention and to which almost all western nations except Russia were signatory following World War I. Eventually death sand may be considered as violating the Geneva Convention rule on poison gas.

But a hard reality today is the insidious stepson of the atom bomb, atomic sand. Fu Manchu, in his wildest pipe dreams, could not have conjured up a more potent horror. But here it is, waiting. Perhaps the phrase, sands of time, means more today than ever before in history.

END



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SHADY LADIES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

When community indignation reached the boiling point, a thorough cleanup was ordered. With a speed and efficiency that mutely testified to police knowledge of who was running what, and where, all commercialized prostitution activity was stopped in a single day.

But indignation never stays at a boiling point. Gradually the houses reopened. The most recent ASHA survey showed the city with at least seven brothels, 13 hotels equipped with call girls, and 21 bars festooned with B-girls.

In many communities the county line serves as a port of embarkation for women-seeking servicemen. City authorities may keep their own yard clean, but once outside city limits, anything goes. (In one midwestern town this included a carnival and a girlie show which featured completely nude dancers who followed up their suggestive routines with offers to "date" servicemen after the show.)

The city limit loophole is especially prevalent in Alaska. With increasing numbers of servicemen stationed in the Territory, prostitutes have flocked there in a new kind of gold rush. Outside of the relatively small cities, most of Alaska is Federal land. It is policed by U. S. Marshals who are faced with the twin problem of great areas and little manpower. As an additional drawback to vice control, some Alaskans maintain a frontier philosophy, and feel that anything goes in the wide open spaces where men are, after all, supposed to be men.

Prostitution in Alaska is a risky business, with conditions changing almost faster than the girls can move in or out. In one city, brothels operate under civic protection. In another—once wide open—brothels are tolerated only beyond city limits. A third has varied from having no brothels to having 19 brothels, depending on who was the chief of police.

Oversexed and Undernourished

But all the places have one thing in common: the "klootch." A klootch is a young Eskimo girl who will do anything for a drink of whiskey. She's been described as "oversexed and undernourished." One signal corpsman said: "We get a case of liquor, the klootches seem to smell it and show up. We've got a saying up here: 'Get a jug of grog and you've got a shack job.'"

Like the first buzzard that circles over an anticipated victim and points the way for other predators, prostitution soon is followed by a host of subsidiary rackets which prey on servicemen. Bad liquor, crooked gambling and dope are three evil companions-in-arms which follow in most cases automatically. Less well-knowns are the "con" rackets based on the lure of women's bodies.

"Paddy hustling" is a sucker's come-on; yet hundreds of young servicemen fall for it. The con man picks his fall guy at a bar, or a railroad station, or a bus depot, and leads the talk around to girls.

"A nice kid like you ought to stay away from these prostitutes," he says. "No tell-

ing when they'll roll you or disease you. But if you're interested in women, I know a real nice girl you can trust. She lives in a hotel only a few blocks away."

A little more sales talk and the soldier is hooked. The con man takes him to the hotel; but just before he gives the room number:

"Say, there's just one thing about this gal. Like all nice girls, you know, she's got the 'gimmies.' If you go up there with any dough, she'll coax it away from you. That's the only trouble with these amateurs. If you're smart, you'll leave your wallet and your ring with me. I'll wait in the lobby till you come down."

Amazing as it seems, men fall for this approach. If the serviceman hands over his valuables, at least that's all he will lose. By the time he returns to the lobby—having vainly tried to find any girl who expects him—the con man will be gone with the wind. If the serviceman begins to smell a rat and refuses to entrust his money, he is likely to be sluggish and beaten before he is robbed.

Key Switch Racket

The venerable "key switch" routine has also been revived with the help of a sex lure. A serviceman idling away a few hours between trains or buses will be approached with the offer of a girl in a nearby hotel. If he bites, the con man suggests that he put his suitcases in a depot parcel locker. The key? The con man will hold it for "safekeeping." When the serviceman gets back from his fruitless search for the woman—no con man, no key. Or, if the con man gave him a key, the serviceman finds it opens an empty locker; his belongings have long since been taken away.

The provost marshal of a southwestern air base told of a racket worked successfully many times by one man until a vice squad plant caught up with him. The man would approach a group of soldiers and ask if they wanted a woman. Usually the answer was "yes," and they'd get in his car and head for their destination.

The go-between seemingly thought of everything. He warned the airmen about guarding their money, then obligingly offered to hold it for safekeeping. He even issued receipts. To further protect the servicemen, the man stopped his car half a block from the house of assignation. By the time the airmen got over the shock of having the doorbell answered by a doddering old lady who knew nothing about "girls," the car, its driver and all the money was out of sight.

The night club or tavern B-girl, despite her sweet talk and promises, never delivers anything but trouble. A serviceman flashing a roll of bills invites a "mickie." Or, if the B-girl makes a date to meet him after the bar closes, she meets him—with two husky boy-friends who slug and rob him.

In one town, B-girls handed out keys to their apartments for \$3 apiece. One night 30 soldiers descended on the same house, each with a key. Nobody lived there.

The serviceman who actually gets into a B-girl's apartment runs the risk of two other con games. In one, the girl's "husband" appears at a crucial moment

and demands "hush money." In another, clothes that are hung over a chair or in a closet are rifled by the girl's collaborator through a loose panel which opens into an adjoining room.

If he can't or won't protect himself, what's being done to help guard servicemen against the shady ladies?

Civic groups—always the most important element in keeping a city clean—are getting top-notch support from the two most interested agencies. One is the Department of Defense. Given an extra spur to clean up vice around military camps by its desire to have a Universal Military Training bill passed, the military carefully polices its areas, takes prompt steps to spotlight and prosecute immorality.

The Joint Armed Forces Disciplinary Control Board—composed of representatives from every service arm, the city government, local civic and religious groups, and the ASHA—has done much to clean up vice in bars and taverns. By majority vote it can place an establishment off-limits for three months or longer.

The other most active agency in the fight against commercialized prostitution is the American Social Hygiene Association. Its staff of investigators makes up-to-date surveys of vice conditions in more than 200 cities each year. And its trained personnel work—in the background—with city administrations and citizens groups to fight back against the racketeers.

Situation Is Better

"Although some may think that World War II, the Korean action and our enlarged defense forces have helped to worsen the prostitution situation, it's actually much better than it was in the more sedate early years of the century," an ASHA spokesman told me.

"Then, virtually every town had its red light district and its 'line.' Because of better law enforcement and an informed public opinion, even today's worst city is better, from a vice viewpoint, than 1920's best city."

Probably the wisest comment on prostitution and servicemen came from a hustler in a midwest city—a big, brawling town which is the star attraction for men on leave from the multitude of training camps in the area.

The town is wide-open. Women accept from windows and doorways. Many of the bars and brothels are located just on the rim of the main downtown section. The bars stress extreme strip acts; the brothels go in for the false elegance of the old-time parlor houses, with girls welcoming their customers in evening gowns.

For the most part, local residents seem rather proud of the town's reputation. But the prostitute took a different view.

"You know," she said, "I think men are the damndest fools in the world. They give a girl money to go to bed with her. In a few minutes they leave and don't take a thing with them. They can't wear it, put it in their pocket, save it for a rainy day. Why they do it, I'll never figure out. But I'm glad they do. The suckers make my living." **END**



AUTHOR KEVIN JONES (IN WHITE SHIRT) WATCHES TRAINMAN SIGNAL ENGINE

you dive for the boards and hold on."
"What else do you do?" I asked.

"Pray," he said.

So we pulled into Buffalo. The engine disconnected from the freight, switched over to another track and came down the little more than half-mile of train to pick us up at the caboose. I climbed up into the cab and met engineer Frank Nowak and fireman Ed Condon. Being a polite guy, I thanked them for an interesting—if gut-shaking—trip.

The other "interesting" part of this adventure, if you want to call it that, happened that night, at 7 P.M. when I rode out of Buffalo—on the *Pacemaker*—in the caboose, on my way back to New York City.

It was 2 A.M., in a fog that would have made pea soup appear like consommé, that we pulled into Selkirk and I walked over to the yardmaster's office to join the Diesel crew that would take the *Pacemaker* on her final haul into New York.

As I waited for the engine to make the wide circle around the yard, I was struck with the serious faces all around me. Ordinarily they would be wreathed in half smiles; quips and "Hya Jee" would be in order. I remembered again what I had been told: Fog is a train's worst enemy.

Then out of this cold blanket of mist came the ghost of the Diesels. They stopped for a moment and I climbed the long ladder into the engineer's cab. Sticking out a warm hand to greet me was Steve Preska, with whom I had ridden up from New York.

"Tonight," he said seriously, "you'll find out what real railroading is."

Inching backwards, the engine was hooked to the train. In the gloom it was impossible to see signal lights; barely-

visible swinging lanterns guided the *Pacemaker* to the near edge of the yards and to the track which would lead her to the regular roads that run along the bank of the Hudson.

And then we were on our own. Steve's head leaned from the cab, searching through the fog for a signal. He finally cut the headlight and the train moved along in the weird, unearthly mixture of total blackness and swirling mist. It struck me that here was a man who had utter confidence in himself, in his engines—and in the many safety devices of the road.

For what seemed an eternity, we crept along like this, barely recognizing a signal when it was only a few yards off. This was suspense and danger . . .

Then, bit by bit, as we slipped down the river road the mist thinned. Signals became more visible. The *Pacemaker*'s speed increased. The fog was lifting. The speedometer lifted with it . . . 35 . . . 45 . . . 55 . . . 60 . . . 70. We were roaring for home.

Steve lit a cigar and handed me a thermos bottle of steaming coffee. I poured a couple of cups. It broke the tension.

"Steve," I said as we sped along the glistening rails, "what are you going to do when you retire?"

"Go fishin'," he said. "I just love fishin'."

"You're a man after my own heart," I tuned in, "there's nothing that can beat fishing. By the way, Steve, when do you retire?"

"In 17 years," he said.

I looked at him—but said nothing.

"Me," I rejoined, "I'm retiring from railroading as soon as we get to New York."

END

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STREET IN NEW BARBARY COAST POLITELY BIDS ITS VISITORS TO COME BACK

Francisco's legendary priestess of bawdry, a lady known as "Sally." The arrest of a 16-year-old prostitute recently led to a perfunctory raid on "Sally's" ornate house, which turned out to be equipped with scarlet carpeting, fountains which squirted perfume, and milk baths. The girl who was arrested said that she got \$25 a visit as an inmate of the place. The establishment was closed, but "Sally" was acquitted by the jury on the plea of the defense attorney that the witness was a "hardened woman of the streets" who could not be believed under oath.

"Why, she didn't even know the color of the ceilings in my client's house," he told the jury. The jury laughed and turned "Sally" loose. Everybody in town knows good old Sal—and she knows everybody, which makes her very hard to convict.

China Girls Still There

One heritage of the old Coast is the small army of Chinese prostitutes who work the area between Pacific Street and the new tenderloin. In the old days they occupied cribs on the edge of the Coast—two-room shacks with the upper part of the door cut away. They'd stand wearing only pajama pants, exposing the upper part of their bodies as a come-on. They would lisp at the prospective customers in pidgin English: "China girl nice. You come inside, please!"

If that didn't work, they'd say, "Your father, he just come out." In China it was considered a great honor to sleep with a girl with whom your father had slept. Today these Chinese girls walk the streets of Chinatown or hover in the doorways of the cheap hotels on Powell Street hill. But they no longer use pidgin English.

Like their white sisters, they say "Hey, Bud, want a good time?"

Gambling, too, is wide open in San Francisco. A great horse town, it supports one of the finest tracks in the country (Golden Gate Fields). Many downtown cigar and stationery store sells tout sheets and most of them accept bets. Slot machines are against the state law in California, but last year 10,903 slot machines in northern California alone were licensed under federal law at \$100 per license. The authorities, having access to the federal tax information, could have raided these machines anytime they wanted.

Who gets the gravy? Oddly enough, it's pretty well divided between the Chinese tongs and that streamlined edition of the old Unione Siciliano that is loosely known today as the "Mafia," or simply as The Outfit. Big gambling and narcotics are controlled by The Outfit, which owes allegiance to the old Capone mob in Chicago and the notorious Luciano gang in New York.

San Francisco has always been a key point in the world-wide operations of that Syndicate, which the late Jim Ragen of Chicago said was "stronger than the U.S. Army." Narcotics is to The Outfit today what bootlegging was in the Capone era, and anybody who interferes with the dope business is a dead pigeon.

The Outfit kills as brutally and ruthlessly as Murder, Inc. The state of California recently had a beautiful narcotics conspiracy case against a member of The Outfit. The case was built on the testimony of one Abe Davidian, of Fresno. Davidian was blotted out in approved Mafia style just before the case reached trial. End of case.

The Outfit runs a lot of the bars, strip-tease joints, brothels and gambling

houses of the new Barbary Coast, just as it does in Chicago, Baltimore, Kansas City and New Orleans. But in San Francisco it shares a little of the loot with the smaller "syndicates" that got there first—the Chinese tongs. These tongs, all-powerful in San Francisco's big Chinatown, are a far cry from the old "tong war" outfits of the 1920's. Like the old Unione Siciliano, they have been streamlined and brought up to date. Just as the Italians let a few "Mustache Pete's" hang around the Broadway and North Beach areas to attract tourists, the tongs let a limited number of "Pig-tail Charlies" decorate the streets of Chinatown. But there is nothing of the ancient regime about the slick businessmen among the On Leong, Hip Sing, Bing Kung, and Suey Sing organizations in San Francisco.

Some of the new tongs operate, on a chain-store basis, a large number of unique bagnios in San Francisco's Chinatown, on the new Barbary Coast, and out in the country at Salinas, Bakersfield, Stockton, Marysville and Sacramento. These places cater to itinerant Chinese, Filipino and Mexican laborers and are planned so as to extract every penny from the worker's pay envelope.

Long Lost Weekend

Available in these houses are gambling, opium, women and sleeping accommodations. The patron can check in on a Friday night (complete with pay envelope) and stay until Sunday night or Monday morning. During that time he can play fan-tan, black-jack or pai-gui, or bet on the hourly lottery. Then he can relax with the opium pipe. After this he may be in the mood for a woman, and attractive young Chinese or Filipino girls are available.

Why isn't something done about all this? Largely because certain local officials believe that most San Franciscans want an open town. (A prominent local businessman, commenting testily on a proposal to make the bars close on time, said: "Why don't they change the name of the town to Philadelphia and have done with it?") But that they want it as open as it is, may be questionable. However, nothing much gets done about it.

Meanwhile, San Francisco—the town everybody loves—is a good illustration of the folly of trying to maintain a wide-open city in these days of big-business crime syndicate which, once they get a foothold, are hard to dislodge. The presence of thousands of servicemen from the military and naval installations in the San Francisco area, and tens of thousands of workers who came to town in recent years, also helps explain the revival of the rowdy old tenderloin.

Yes, the Barbary Coast is back and San Francisco after dark is once again "Kum Shan"—the Golden Hill. But the color and atmosphere of the old Coast are lacking in the new, and sin in San Francisco is strictly exploitive. There's nothing very nostalgic about the revival. The day of the colorful tenderloins is gone forever, in San Francisco as elsewhere.

They can close that Golden Gate anytime they want to. **END**

91

Some experts say a short goalie has trouble seeing shots on power plays, when the anchor men fire from the blueline, but I don't think this is so. I think I have had as much success against power plays as any other goalie. But I wish people would stop reminding me of Roy Worters, the little guy who tended goal for the now defunct New York Americans.

Quick on his feet, sure of his hands and uncanny in his anticipation of plays, Worters was holding the Canadiens scoreless one night in Montreal. Toward the end of the game, he grabbed a rising shot and casually tossed it over his shoulder and over the net—or so he thought. But being a little guy, five-foot-two, he misjudged the height of the net and tossed the puck into the twine! He lost the game 1-0.

As if such tricks of fate and rival forwards aren't enough, often we have to contend with our own defenses. Sometimes the burly rearwards block our line of vision; sometimes in their haste to hoist a loose puck out of danger, they blast it right at the net and goalie.

Breaks Ruined Chicago

Twice Chicago was eliminated from the Stanley Cup playoffs on such breaks. One year Art Wiebe, and the next year Jack Portland, batted pucks that streaked into the net for the counters that ousted the Hawks.

"A good goalie means as much as a 25-game pitcher to a ball club," says Connie Smythe, general manager of the Leafs. He should know. During World War II, when the venerable Turk Broda was in the Army, the Leafs used so many goalies it appeared they were wearing out their welcome before soiling their uniforms. But still the club flourished.

When Turk got fanned into his pads, the

Leafs went on to two Stanley Cup triumphs, and Broda won the Vezina Trophy as the league's top net-minder before the old man with the scythe caught up with him and he yielded to Rollins.

The cup perpetuates the memory of Georges Vezina, who played 393 consecutive games with the Canadiens in the days of short schedules. Then on November 23, 1925, playing with a temperature of 103, he slumped to the ice and was carried off. He died a few months later.

Ill-luck has dogged many of the men who have won the trophy that honors Vezina. The year after Chuck Gardiner won it for the second time with Chicago, he died suddenly of a mysterious ailment. Lorne Chabot, another old-time Black Hawk, lost his magic touch after winning the mug and was replaced by Mike Karakas. Incidentally, Chabot always shaved before a game. He said he stitched better when his face was smooth.

Norm Smith, after leading all goal-tenders, had a disastrous slump and quit hockey. Tiny Thompson was traded by Boston after his cup-winning season and was replaced by Frank Brimsek. Bill Duran, as I said before, cracked up in the middle of a championship series.

Goalies draw about the same pay as other players. The average in NHL is slightly under \$9,000 although the superstars get closer to \$15,000, plus bonuses for all-star recognition. The winner of the Vezina Trophy for goalies gets \$1,000 from the league, an award usually matched by his club.

Most managers are appreciative of their goalies and they realize the terrific pressure that is upon us.

Frank Boucher, general manager of the Rangers and a shrewd observer of hockey, says, "The demands on goalies are greater than ever. This is one position in the game where skills have to keep de-

veloping out of sheer necessity. The old-timers, good as they were, would have to be much better today or they would have had a million pucks shot past them. The game has been opened up with forward passes, with power plays jamming five and sometimes six attackers inside the defensive zone, and with such specialist marksmen as Gordie Howe and the Canadiens' 'Rocket' Richard."

Boucher says the only way you can tell a good goalie from a bad one is by the results. "You can't measure his speed or his form," he says. "You rate him by what he produces, the stops he makes."

I think the way to get results is to concentrate on the puck all the time. There is a tendency to relax when the play is at the other end of the rink and that's bad. Another important thing is not to get anxious. Just wait and play the shots as they come. Most players have one or two plays they depend upon to score and when you get those down pat you have a better than even chance of stopping any player in the league.

Why Choose the Position?

If the goaling is so tough, why do net-minders choose to play the position? I'll let you in on a secret. Most of us didn't.

Typical is Harry Lumley. His boyhood idol was Frank Brimsek but he had no desire to play goal himself. He began his career in Owen Sound, Ontario, as a defenseman. One day, when he was with a midge team, the regular goalie failed to show up. The coach looked over his squad and beckoned to Harry.

"Hey, Lumley," he bellowed, "you're the biggest kid on the team. On you these might look good." He handed him the overstuffed pads, a heavy chest protector and a big stick. "Get these on; you're playing goal tonight."

Since then, Lumley has been goaling with conspicuous success, generally avoiding injuries. However, playing as a forward in a comedy exhibition two years ago, he sprained his ankle and was out of action for two weeks.

"I don't know how those forwards take the beatings they get out there," he commented. "Guess I'll stick in the nets."

All of us, except Sawchuk, had similar experiences. Terry became a goalie almost as a legacy. An older brother, Mitchell, died at 17 of a heart ailment and 10-year-old Terry inherited his equipment. Certainly no kid brother has ever carried on so magnificently, for Sawchuk has been an all-star in every league he ever played in.

I started my career as a forward with Quebec's St. Fidele bantam team when I was only ten years old.

I don't know when I switched to the nets, but I remember that no one wanted to goal among the kids and our coach made us take turns. I guess I had some natural ability, because he kept me in longer and longer.

The permanent change was inevitable, I suppose, because as a kid I was always collecting pictures of goalies. I still have an old cardboard box full. It's a tough job, and it has more than its share of danger. But I still won't trade jobs with any other athlete.

END



"SOME PEOPLE WILL DO ANYTHING TO GET A MAN!"



PENNY IS CONGRATULATED BY HUSBAND, SON, AND ATLANTIC CITY'S MAYOR

downright insulting." I felt like a heel. "Okay," I said grudgingly, and after a few more such calls Penny said, "I think from now on I'd better call you." She did too, thank God.

After the first month Penny arrived home.

Dressed like a million, looking better than ever, she breezed in, threw arms around my neck, kissed me hard. Then she looked around and asked, "Where's Craig?"

She knew he was in McKeesport. She thought he'd be home. Mrs. America was still way up in the clouds.

What happened next day was hardly calculated to bring her earthward. She had a grand tour of New York City. In a flag-draped car, she rode all over town, while guys whistled and women looked.

Where was I during the grand tour? In school, of course. Maybe I could have gone along. Maybe not. I'll never know, because no one asked me.

That night Mrs. America began to miss her son. Mr. America said sternly, "All right, you'd better go get him." So Mrs. America did and the trip brought her right back to earth. When she got back, life became something like what it had been. We even had a few laughs.

They came from the prizes.

I don't know if you realize how small the average New York apartment is. It's real small, and one day a Percy Kilbride character appeared at the door. "Your Maytag Washing Machine," he said. "It's here. Where'll I put it?"

He led us to a window where we looked down and saw the washing machine reposing in the back of a truck. Put it? It wouldn't fit in the door, much less the apartment. We finally got it in the cellar, where it is today, still crated.

We got no money, only merchandise, but some of the things we got were fine. The TV set, for instance, and the silver.

But some things were headaches. Penny was to get four tailored suits. She's 5-7 and the firm that donated them makes suits for small girls.

But the prizes we converted into money—one, an Austin car—made things easier for the guy-she-left-behind. Now I could afford a sifter for Craig. When Penny was home this also made it possible for us to look for a home in the country. We finally found one in a bungalow-type house in River Edge, N.J. It is waiting for us now, with plenty of room in the cellar for the Maytag washer.

Even so, I counted the days until September, when there would be a new contest and a new Mrs. America. It would be good to return to normal again and enjoy life as a human being.

The time came—and reflected the change in the Duncan fortunes. Craig stayed home with the sifter we could now afford. Penny and I, as the departing Asbury Park like real royalty. Only the best of everything—and a \$500 check at the end for behaving well during the year.

I had only one responsibility at the 1952 contest. It was to take care of the new Mister America. Give him tips on what to expect and how to behave. His problem was not the same as mine, for he and his wife have no children. But I had advice for him.

"Keep working at your job," I told him. "Try to behave as if nothing happened."

"Thanks," he said, still bewildered. Then he went on, "Say, you know my wife and I didn't really expect to win. So we didn't pack her clothes for four weeks. Now I have to rush home and pack for her. You know the ropes. Now, what'll I pack . . . ?"

This, I said to myself, is where I came in.

END

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and came down upon boat and men.

Five minutes later we got an inkling of what that would be like. For as the ray came down and glided slowly away just under the surface, I gunned the boat up close, and with a grunting heave, Cap threw his iron. There was the plunk of the harpoon hitting water, and I imagined I heard the second fleshy "plunk" as the ugly iron sunk deep. I threw the boat instantly into full speed reverse, realizing that I had all but run atop of the monster below us.

Our boat was a sturdy one, and 38 feet is a lot of boat to have under you. It was none too much. The hull shuddered violently with the two-ton impact of the flailing demon. As the blow fell upon the hull, making the sturdy craft rock and careen, the full realization hit me that we were no longer mere observers of this fabulous creature of the deep. We were, so to speak, now a part of him.

I leaped from the wheel and stood on deck, my eyes glued to the coil of rope. It melted away, flying swiftly over the side. Presently the rope vanished and the iron drum, perched at the rail on a little bracket Cap had fashioned, came alive and leaped out into the air. It hit with a minor splash, and then it was skidding and bouncing along the surface, an inanimate thing suddenly come alive.

We Follow the Barrel

Cap looked around and grinned. The two natives let the held-back breath out of them, and they also grinned. The tension slackened. We started laughing a little. Our luck was good. It was now just a matter of following the barrel and wearing this demon out.

Cap took the wheel and gunned the craft. It was fantastic how swiftly the barrel had left us. It headed straight out the channel from the bay, and at full throttle we didn't catch it until it was a half mile or more out into the open blue water. Then the manta settled down to a cruising speed, and we followed him, letting him tire himself—or so we thought. An hour later we were possibly ten miles out into open water, and the wind had come up fresh and strong.

Cap squinted around and said, "I think we could take up the rope now, and put some real drag on him."

We ran the boat up swiftly to the bobbing barrel. Keeping the speed constant, Cap instructed one of the natives to snag the rope with a boathook and drag it aboard. It was quickly done. Now the trick was to keep the boat steadily on the manta's course, and at proper speed, while the barrel was placed back in its bracket and the rope brought aboard.

Our plan was to run up on the manta part way, snub the rope to our front end, then cut the motor and let the momentum of the boat subside. By doing this, we would force the great devilish to tow the boat, and still keep from pulling out the harpoon by any quick jerk. It worked perfectly.

Things were going too well, as we were soon to discover. We had taken in line

until the boat lazed along possibly 50 yards behind the immense creature. I stood ready with the rifle, hoping for a shot that would slow him down a little more. His speed slackened hardly at all, and for half an hour I stood with feet braced, gun ready, growing more and more astonished that the ray seemed not to tire at all.

Suddenly, the manta raised in the water, and both "wings" broke the surface. I swung the rifle up, sighted quickly, and as a wing tip slashed the surface again I pulled the trigger. I heard the *splat* of the slug into muscle. Just exactly what happened after that is still not quite clear. The rope went slack, and Cap shouted, "Damn! That slug stopped him cold."

As his last word dropped into the tense air, there was a hideous boil of water right at boatside. One of the natives yelled something unintelligible. And in the next instant it seemed as if the sun had suddenly been blotted out. Water was foaming up in great cascades above the rail, and I threw myself impulsively aside. Lined against the sky, and within a dozen feet of me, the vast bulk of this crazed sea hellion loomed, seeming to hang momentarily in mid-air higher than the rail of the boat.

It was only a split second, of course. The ray, driven to madness by the gouging harpoon and by the shock of the bullet, had turned in a wild circle and run back on the rope. Whether he had leaped at our boatside by intent, or by chance, will never be known. But there he loomed, reaching from tip-to-tip over half the length of our craft.

Cap, quick to react, kicked the throttle full forward the moment the water boiled up. But, unfortunately, it was the worst thing he could have done. Unknown to us, when the ray had run back up our line, he had apparently passed under the boat. The rope had fouled in the rudder. As Cap shot the boat forward, it lurched straight into the path of the manta.

Manta Hits Our Boat

There was a crash like the shattering of a building by an earthquake. Debris was flying everywhere, and the craft heeled down with jarring impact until the rail dipped water. The ray had come down halfway across the side of the boat. The natives were screaming. Then the boat heeled back the other way as the awesome creature slid back into the sea.

My first thought was not of the manta, but of the men. There was no time now for fear. There was only time to act swiftly in an attempt to save our lives. Somehow the crash had thrown our lashed-down dinghy free. I saw it bobbing, miraculously right side up, a few yards away, and I saw one of the natives swimming frantically toward it. I saw water beneath him come up, lifted by the flat back of the giant who had gone crazy down below.

The native was literally lifted with this boiling hunk of water, lifted atop the living island gone wild. He was lost to

my sight in the foam of flying water, and then the leaping monster came crashing down again, striking squarely across the dinghy. When the water and my shock had subsided, both the native and the tiny bobbing boat had disappeared.

Why I had not started shooting when the manta leaped, I don't know. I had been frozen by the sight of it looming up there beside us. Now I came to my senses, and as the immense body showed again, I cut loose at it. At each crack of the rifle, it flailed more wildly. And at each crazed motion of the beast, the boat was yanked in a see-saw of directionless motion. Our rudder was gone, and though the motor was roaring practically wide open, we were not going anywhere.

It was not until this instant that I discovered why Cap had not cut the motor speed. In the rubble and debris scattered across the plunging deck, I saw Cap Harnett lying. Blood was trickling from his mouth as his body rolled with the pitch of the boat. Nobody will ever know what happened to him. Either some flying debris had struck him, or he had been thrown against something when the manta crashed on our rail. Cap Harnett, my long-time partner and best friend on earth, was dead.

A wild rage filled me as I bent down to establish this fact without question. Hazily, I saw the remaining native trying to get up, saw him clutching in a daze at the side of the galley. There was blood on his face, and a blank look on his face. But he was alive and not mortally hurt.

Can't Cut Loose

I swept all thought of the tragedy of what had occurred from my mind. I wanted now nothing but to keep myself alive, and somehow to subdue or be free of this cursed giant who had led us into this destruction. Grabbing my knife from my belt, and hoping against all hope that the manta would not leap again, I lashed the blade to a boathook which had somehow stayed on the deck. Leaning far over the transom; I tried desperately to cut the rope. Try as I might, from every conceivable position, I couldn't reach it.

We were trapped. That I knew. And surely doomed. I looked at the native. He sat on deck, clutching what was left of the rail and swaying back and forth. He was useless to me in our greatest need. There was nothing for it but to stake my life on the gun. The danger here, of course, was that the great manta, snubbed so close to the boat, would leap again as the bullets hit him, and either capsize the craft or crash down upon it.

I racked shells into the rifle again. I stood calmly now, waiting my chance. Presently the snout showed, then a swath of the leathery back. I heard the flat crack of the rifle lace out across the water, and saw the flesh of the back, far up toward the head, leap and quiver as the charge went home. Before the ray could react to that smashing shock, I fired again.

The rope jerked with terrific force. Water boiled. The manta roared down toward the boat like an express train, and lifted once more in frightening bulk from the water. I saw one immense

the thick stuff in the bottom. Obviously, they have to cross the tote roads in doing so. By placing two hunters back to back midway across the neck of swamp on each of these roads, we have 'em covered. And we get some of the sportiest, fastest and most laugh-provoking shots imaginable.

It's necessary to watch your stand very carefully. And if you think these big fellows are always easy to hit, you're very wrong. That's where half the sport, and most of the laughs, come in. We took stands on those tote roads one crisp day last winter that is memorable for at least one bit of bad-shooting hilarity. The dog had started a hare in the section between the two roads. That wise old codger didn't want to cross either road. Round and round he went in his hunt of cover. Finally, as we picture it, he crept silently to the edge of one road. He barely poked his nose out of the brush.

One alert member of the party caught the slight movement. Or thought he did. He raised his gun. No, he guessed he had just imagined a movement. He lowered his gun. At that moment, the snowshoe bounded into the road as if blasted from a cannon. The hunter scrambled in a fight against heavy clothes, mittens, and the necessity of a half turn on his heels, to get a shot. One web hooked the heel of the other. The fellow took a crashing fall. And the hare, for no good reason, slid to a stop midway of the road, sat up on his haunches and had a look.

"He's Your Rabbit!"

"Get him!" the fallen nimrod yelled to the partner at his back, meanwhile flailing the snow in a futile attempt to rise.

The partner was in stitches. "Get him yourself," he said. "He's your rabbit." And of course, as the hunter finally got into a makeshift shooting position while still down for the count, the snowshoe dropped onto all fours and was into the brush with one bound.

That incident illustrates the lack of consistency these gamblers show. One will lace so swiftly across the opening where your stand is that you never have time to get in a shot.

The next one may hop unconcernedly into the road, sit down, then dart back where he came from as you raise your gun. Quite a number of them show a preference for creeping out into the edge of roadside brush for a look-see before making the dash. Others will get a sight of you, run parallel within brush cover, then cross out of shooting range. And then of course there is always the daring tactician who bursts out right under your webs, practically, and crosses in two jumps behind you while you do a beautiful pratfall trying to get turned around. Shooting from a stance on snowshoes at extreme angles is something of a trick—a trick you have to learn the hard way.

Curiously, the snowshoe hare doesn't seem to mind gunfire, or else he simply doesn't associate it with danger. This often makes possible a double or even a triple kill. One day last winter the dog was plowing along, whooping at the top

of his lungs on a hot trail. I caught sight of the hare, through thick brush. He was coming at a steady lope, possibly 200 yards ahead of the dog.

Then I suddenly saw another white apparition ease out of the brush and begin drifting ahead of the dog. The sound of the chase, as it often will, had come too close for comfort and he had got uneasy. He had decided to take a powder while the taking was good. You think this makes the snowshoe seem stupid? Ha! What this second old boy wanted to know was whose trail the dog was on. Once he found out, he'd ease off and sit tight again.

Presently a third hare got into the act. I was chucking to myself, standing stock still as they loped straight at me. I was remembering a partner, not wise to this procedure, who had dropped a hare the previous day, stepped out to pick it up—only to have four more, drifting along like this, scatter at close range before him. I took my first shot, making sure of the first ghost. The other two never slowed nor changed course. The sound seemed to mean nothing to them. They came on. My hands were shaking a bit from the excitement but not enough to keep me from picking off the other two without moving from my tracks.

Had they seen me move, it would have been different. Twice last season I took my first shot, then stood perfectly still as the dog came roaring down the trail, instead of racing out to retrieve my game. I was rewarded each time with another bunny, lopeing exactly down the trail the first had taken!

The snowshoe, which is brown in summer, doesn't change his coat to winter white with black-tipped ears because of a first snowfall. The phenomenon appears to be one of seasonal change. In other words, it begins in early fall, not with shedding of the brown hair and its replacement by white, but with the growing of white hair from an entirely different set of hair follicles. Thus, the animal is well protected from cold, while slowly

losing the old coat, and may often carry some brown hair scattered through the white all winter.

If snow is late, the change goes right on. During an open winter, the white hares stand out most uncomfortably, for them, against the brown of the forest floor. At such times, the 22 enthusiast can have a long-range field day. In fact, many a hunter uses a light rifle all season anyway. And for my money, this takes good shooting.

The brush and trees make fast, snap shots imperative. A snowshoe in full flight is an exasperatingly difficult target, and the fellow who can chalk up a good bag on them with a light rifle will find his eye immensely improved the next season on running deer. A soft-nosed slug should be used, however. Small, hard-point bullets will pass right through a snowshoe hare without stopping him, unless they hit a vital area. Many an animal thus shot will run a great distance, not bleeding outwardly at all, and be lost.

A Wise-Guy Rabbit

One of the best snowshoe hunters I've ever party to, and one which illustrates what a sport this is, had to do with a rifle enthusiast and a big old wise-guy of a white rabbit who had run our dog frazzled on several occasions.

The swamp was small, with open fields and hills around it. The dog started the old codger the moment he hit the cover. But in defiance of all the rules of snowshoe behavior, old long legs raced straight away through the cover, up a hill through scattered cedars. Through deep, soft snow the dog was giving it all he had. He was fresh, and making good time, but the hare was 400 yards ahead of him, now in plain sight on the open crest of the hill, stretched out full length and really carrying the mail.

Far off to our right as we stood in the open at the swamp's edge, we could see a little run, sparsely studded by hardwoods, that dropped down from the hills. Down this the hare was barreling at a wind-split clip. We started running on our webs, sinking in perhaps six inches at every step. The bawling of the hound, the whip of winter wind against our faces, the plop of the webs into soft snow and the sight of that bounding hare totaled winter excitement at its best.

At a hundred yards, my rifle-toting partner hauled up, dropped to one knee. Panting like a freight engine, he unsling his rifle, followed the bounding white ghost against the immaculate white of the snow. I saw him suck in a labored breath. I saw the hare take a mighty forward bound. I heard the crack of the gun, saw the snowshoes spin in midair, and hit with a puff of feathery snow. That, in my book, was shooting.

There's plenty of it to be had with these northern "white rabbits," whether or not you can match that kind. A pair of snowshoes, a gun, a hound, a cedar swamp loaded with snowshoe hares—if there's a better cure for the dead-of-winter doldrums, I have yet to hear of it. The lanky, little-publicized, feather-footed ghosts of the snowy northwoods will stack up with any game crowd any day.

END

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REAL January, 1953

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Letters to the Editor

BORDER TRAFFIC

The story of the call girl traffic across the U.S.-Canadian border in the November *REAL*, performs a real service in helping to keep the public alerted to such conditions. Only a vigilant public expressing continuous support of public officials who work sincerely to suppress vice and corruption can bring about the wholesome conditions which our people deserve.

I compliment you upon the accurate observations you made about Portland, Oregon. We aim to keep the town that way.

—Dorothy McCullough Lee, Mayor, Portland, Oregon.

I regret very deeply the publication of the article "Sex Traffic Across the Border" (Nov. *REAL*) because I do not feel that it presents a true picture of either the City of Tacoma or the Police Department.

The article states: "The Vancouver vice ring has had more luck exporting plump Slovak girls to Washington State's Walla Walla, Aberdeen. Bremerton and especially Tacoma, often called Seattle's dirty backyard." I most certainly wish to say that the section relative to Tacoma is misrepresented.

Tacoma has never been known as "Seattle's dirty back yard." This misnomer was unfortunately used when a very able and sincere writer was carried away by her imagination some eighteen months ago and inadvertently used the terminology as a catch phrase. . . .

I accepted the position of Chief of Police here in Tacoma, November 14, 1951, in order to render what assistance I could to clear up an adverse situation. I assure you, that situation has been cleaned up. The officers of this department are once again proud of their uniform and the sacred trust which they hold. . . .

—J. F. Elich, Chief of Police Tacoma, Wash.

We're glad to have Chief Elich's assurances that the situation in Tacoma has improved. Too bad that the conditions described in the article exist at all. But when they do exist, we think the public is entitled to know the facts.

SMYTHE ON SMITH

It was gratifying to read the article on "Task Force Smith" published in the October *REAL*. The events depicted reveal vividly and truthfully the tremendous burden of responsibility placed upon Colonel Smith and his command, and the terrible penalty paid in killed and wounded. . . .

I am sure that the public recognition of those gallant men of the 1st Battalion

of the 21st Infantry (Gimlet) Regiment and of the 24th Infantry Division will be appreciated by the participants in the action described and will be an inspiration to those who are presently assigned to this Division.

—Major General George W. Smythe, Commanding 24th Infantry Div.

POLICE BEAT

I have read the article in the November issue of *REAL* Magazine entitled "Prowl Car Beat." I deeply appreciate the excellent presentation of this article which reveals the problems confronting the officer on the patrol beat. These are facts which many of our citizens have no knowledge of whatsoever. . . .

I would like to add that Mr. Jordan and his partner, Officer J. L. Gillespie, are only two of the fine officers of which I can boast in this Department. . . .

I want to commend you for the fine presentation in *REAL*. It has been warmly received by the citizens of Greenville.

—J. H. Jennings, Chief of Police, Greenville, S. C.

GIRL WE'D MOST LIKE TO . . .



OUR BASHFUL BLONDE, DORIS KEITH

We, the troops up here in cold, cold Galena . . . like your girl, Doris Keith (*REAL*, October). We have voted her "The Girl Most Likely to Thaw Galena Out."

—Lee Johnson, U. S. Troops, Galena No. 1, Alaska.

. . . I am one of the few GIs that has hay fever over here, also an allergy of some kind, and I am sneezing quite often. Therefore, because Doris is posed in a hay field, we decided to call her: "Miss Hay Fever of 1953."

—A/2C Bob Searing and 8 GFs, England.

. . . we were stunned. We would like to adopt Doris and name her "The Girl We Would Rather Get Lost With."

—Pfc. E. R. Galberg, Pfc. A. L. Nicolai, Camp Barrett, Quantico, Va.

. . . we would like to adopt her as our Morale Builder.

—Tony Schmidt and Co. G., Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland.

. . . "The Girl We Would Most Like To Come Home To."

—A/1C Stanley Gardner and 19 GFs, Tachikawa, Japan.

. . . Our tank crew has found a home for Doris in our hearts as well as in our tank.

—Sgt. Chester Rumsey, c/o F. P. O. San Francisco, Calif.

. . . We've decided that she is "the Girl We'd Most Like to Communicate With."

—Pfc. Wm. J. Curley and the Boys, Korea.

. . . she has plenty on the ball!

—E. E. Martin, DC3, U. S. N., Little Creek, Virginia.

. . . We would like to adopt her as our "Miss Whirl-It." We are in a marine helicopter squadron.

—Staff, NCO's, HMR 261, Cherry Point, N. C.

GUILTY PLEA

I have just read with great interest the article on Jim Dandy entitled, "The Day the Experts Wept," by Harold C. Winn in the October *REAL* and needless to say, I enjoyed it very much. However, I was very much disturbed to note that Mr. Winn made an error in stating that Gallant Fox was ridden by Sonny Workman and Whichone was ridden by Earl Sande. I am certain that if you check further you will find that the reverse is true.

I pride myself on my knowledge as to the records of Gallant Fox and Earl Sande and if I am wrong I hope you will correct me.

Once again, thank you for a very enjoyable article.

Yours in the interest of good and accurate reporting.

—Robert McDonough, West Hempstead, New York.

Mr. Winn submits a plea of guilty. "I've heard unsupported stories," he says, "about jockeys switching mounts during a race in a rainstorm while they were out of sight of the spectators. But this is the first time I've heard of jockeys switching mounts 22 years after the race was won. Mr. McDonough is right; Sande always rode the Fox and Workman was usually aboard Whichone. I can't explain the error; I hope nobody lost any \$2 bets because of my boner."

WHO'S WHO *in* REAL

COUPLÉ of crack reporters flipped a coin in our office the other day to see which one of them would be sent to a mental institution. A lot of mad things happen in front of an editor's desk, but this one isn't half as strange as it may sound.

These two jokers, Carl Winston and Kevin Jones, had been pals on the New York Daily News and are now writing for the magazines. Meeting accidentally, they'd walked in on us and wouldn't un-park without an assignment. All right, we said, we've got two stories to be covered—both of them first-hand, eye-witness REAL reportage, and both of 'em pretty rough. One of you hops a fast freight out of town and the other does a stretch at a VA mental hospital upstate—the first time a writer-photographer team will be admitted. Take your choice.

Kevin looked at Carl and vice versa. "Let's flip a coin," said Carl, and thereupon was committed to the Franklin D. Roosevelt Hospital at Montrose, N. Y. For his stark, revealing report on what he encountered there, see "Veterans in the Shadow" (page 6). Kevin's bone-shaking experiences on the Pacemaker are related in "Fast Freight" (page 16).



WINSTON

DESCRIBING his own reactions at the VA hospital, Winston tells us:

"Naturally, I had an eerie feeling when I first walked into a ward at Montrose. But I lost it quickly, once I started talking with the patients. They are just regular guys, like the rest

of us, with the important difference that their minds are sick. Many of them can carry on a perfectly normal conversation on most subjects but they're incoherent on others.

"Some of them, of course, are pretty far gone, and don't make any sense at all. It's pretty shocking to see a fine-looking, strapping young man in perfect physical condition—everything working fine but his brain. It makes you think of a beautiful new Cadillac, with motor and the rest in excellent shape but no steering gear.

"There's nothing funny about mental illness, heaven knows, but occasionally something happens that would get laughs anywhere. While I was at Montrose they were talking about the group of patients who were out walking. It seems a bird dive-bombed one of the party—smack on the forehead.

"Quick," yelled an aide to one of the patients, "run back to the ward and get a piece of tissue."

"The patient looked at him with disgust. 'That would be ridiculous,'" he answered. 'By the time I get back with the tissue, the bird will be gone!'"

We can't vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote. At one time during Winston's 25 years as a newspaperman, he worked as a gag-writer for the Marx Brothers.

BESIDES his "Fast Freight" story in this issue, Kevin Hastings Jones has given us his memorable "Across the Atlantic in a 29-Foot Ketch" (Oct. REAL), and last month's "Amateur in Politics."

Next month he comes through with a great exclusive, the first full-length magazine article on James D. C. Murray, the fabulous criminal lawyer who has handled more celebrated murder cases than any other living mouth-piece.

This man Jones is one writer with real hair-on-the-chest. At the age of 10 he swam across the Hudson River; at 15, he hunted sharks—with a rifle—off the Atlantic Coast. He has worked as a stevedore on the New York waterfront and as a still in a Nevada gambling house. Incredibly, he also does a good job of cooking for his family, which includes his wife, Maura, and two sons.

SETH KANTOR ("Trail of the Deadly Jaguar," page 32) uses Fort Worth, Texas, as his base of operations in writing for many magazines. After serving as a Marine machine-gunner at Guam and Iowa Jima during World War II, he covered beats from city hall reporter to city editor on the Detroit Free Press, Lamar Daily News, Pueblo Chieftain and Denver Rocky Mountain News. About El Tigre, Kantor says: "I found it easier talking to Captain Van Zandt than to the Jaguar." He made one hunting trip with the noted adventurer but they didn't go looking for the elusive El Tigre. Just talked about him, hunted coyotes instead.

HOW DO you go about digging up a REAL story on such a controversial character as Dr. "Phog" Allen? ("Basketball's Big Wind," page 50.) If you're Ernest Mehl, sports editor of the Kansas City Star, you hot-foot it over to Lawrence, Kansas, and interview coach Jules Sikes.

You ask him some 30 questions—and get enough material for two sentences. So you wander into Dr. Allen's office, ask him one question—and get enough

red-hot dope to write the entire article.

Mehl, who's been with *The Star* for 32 years, is past president of the National Association of Baseball Writers, and has done a lot of football broadcasts. He's something different in sports writers—an energetic church worker. While in New York covering the World Series, he took time out to address the Marble Collegiate Church. Recently, the Catholic Youth Council gave Mehl a testimonial dinner at which 420 attended. The work for the dinner was done by a group of Jewish citizens; the principal speakers were the Catholic Bishop and a Presbyterian elder. Ernie, himself, is a Methodist.

PURSUING our policy of dishing up I-was-there-and lived-through-it articles, we assigned Sgt. Robert L. Niemann to go through the roughest training course that our military set-up provides these days—at the Ranger School.

Took him two months to deliver the story and pictures ("The Rugged Rangers," page 58). Niemann, 27, is a native of Lancaster, Ohio, and has spent over six years in the Army. At one time he was a news-caster, writer and announcer for the Armed Forces Radio Service. Now he's at Fort Monroe, Va., attached to the Chief of Army Field Forces as a writer for the Public Information Division.



MIKSH

WE PASS on to you, without comment, the following note from our flying saucer expert, W. F. Miksch (page 26): "If I ever see a flying saucer, I don't expect to be startled very badly. That's because I live in a top-floor apartment just a prop-wash away from LaGuardia Airport. By now I hardly tremble (so you'd notice it) when a big airliner slaps its wings outside our window or when a pair of landing lights look in at me by night. Even when a DC-4 threatens to climb into bed with me, you can scarcely hear my screams above the motors.

"The W in my name is for William, and the F is for Frederick, but I never sell them out. I save about one and a half typewriter ribbons a year that way."

—T. I.



JONES



NIEMANN

(continued from other side)

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(continued from other side)

Thomas Walsh THE NIGHT WATCH

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